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# MERRY ENGLAND

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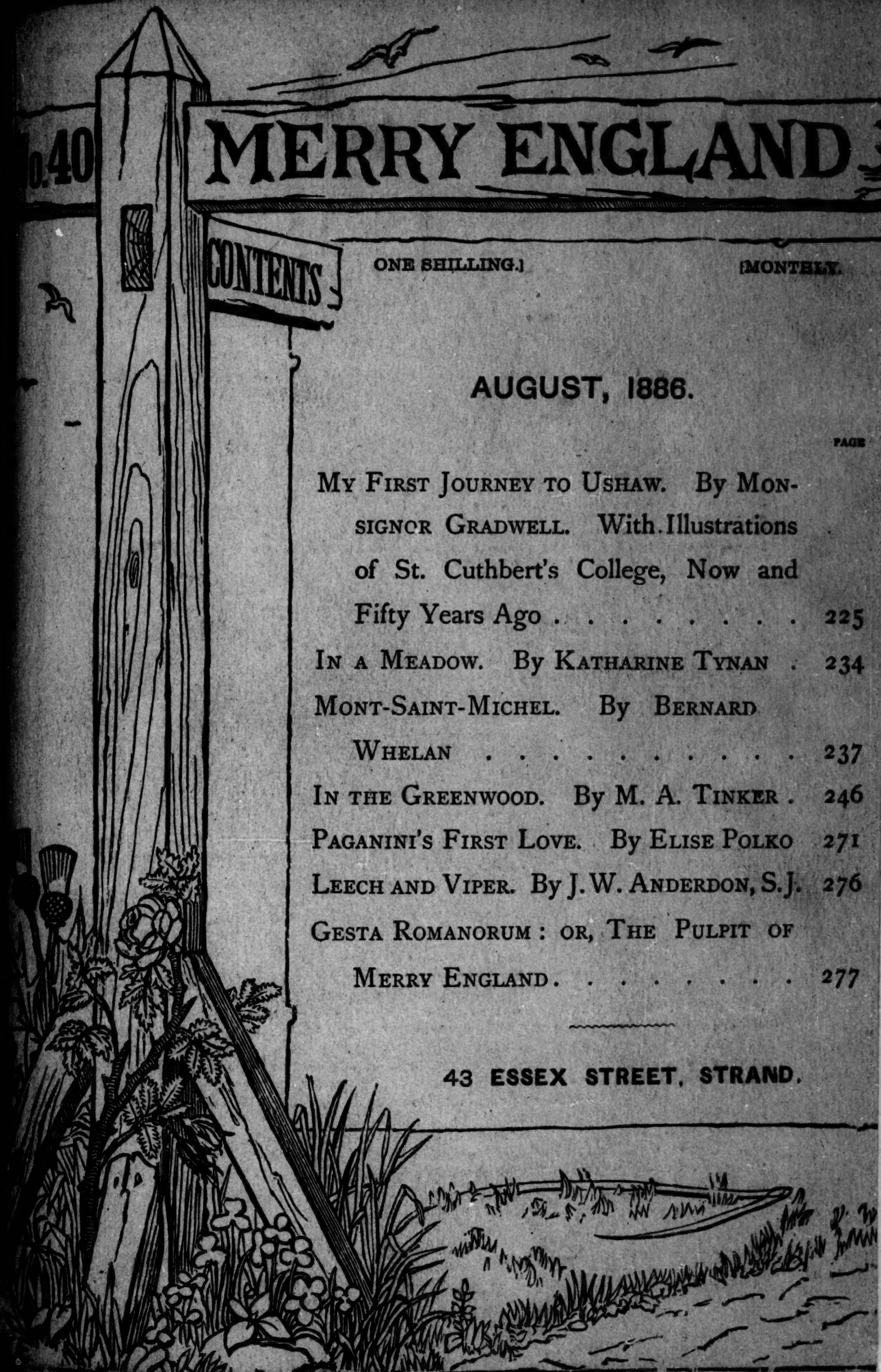
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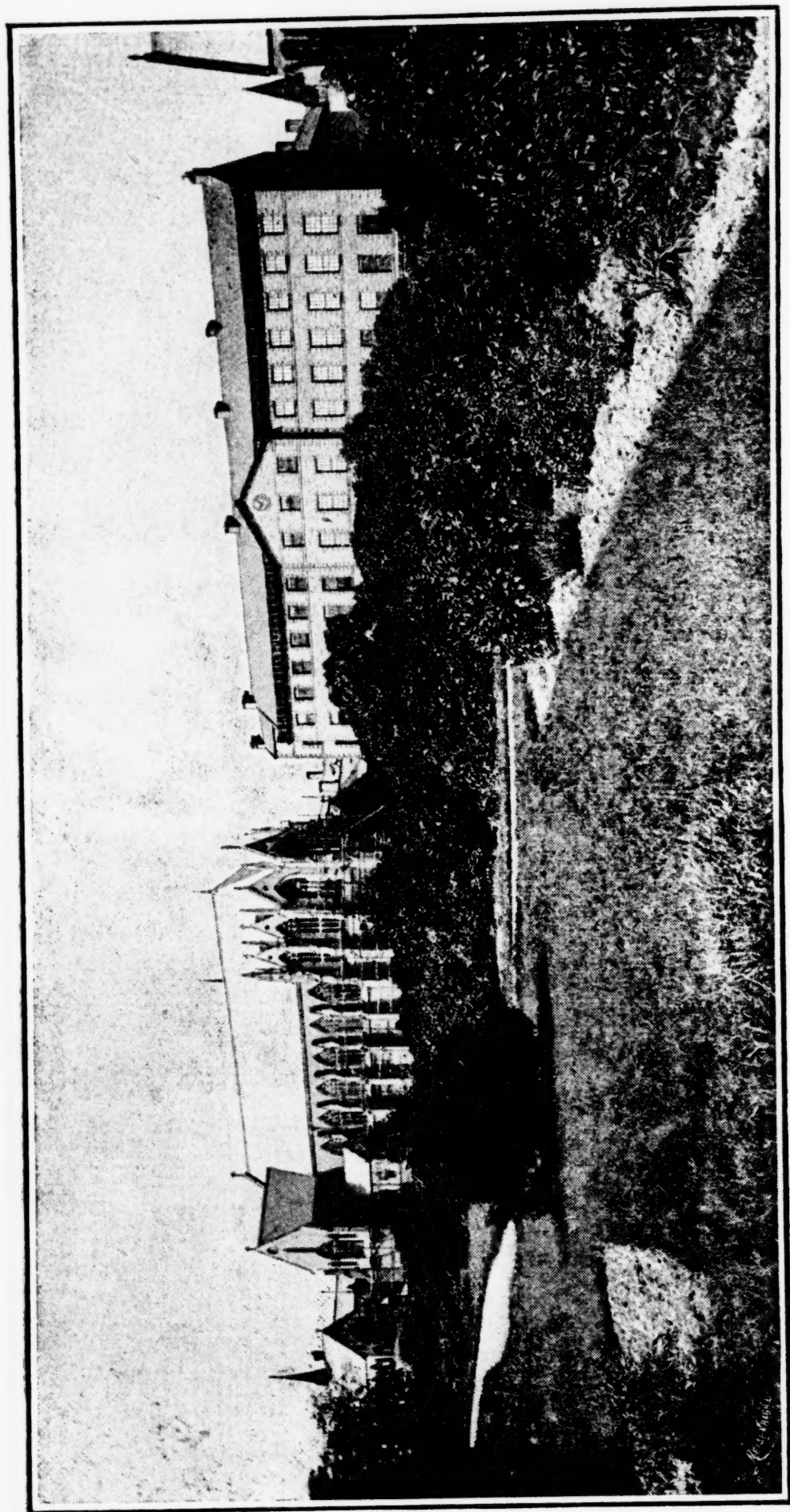
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ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE, USHAW, 1886.



# MERRY ENGLAND

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AUGUST, 1886

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## My First Journey to Ushaw.

THOUGH I was not, as Lord Beaconsfield used to say of himself, born in a library, my taste for books began in very early infancy. When I was seven years old, my uncle, the Bishop, had given me the first volume of the *Penny Magazine*. What a treasure it was!—for the great stream of popular literature was then only just beginning to flow. My father's library had in it many books of solid appearance and equally solid contents, but they were not attractive to children. However, I contrived to find three works, over which I bent for hours, and, perhaps, they helped to form what literary tastes I have. They were Rollin's *Ancient History*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and, above all, Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. There was also among the books an edition of Swift's works. The title of a *Tale of a Tub* was, of course, an attractive bait to a boy; but, as any of its readers may well imagine, I could make nothing of it. *Gulliver's Travels*, however, were indeed a find.

For the credit of my father's library, I must add that it possessed, among many other Catholic works, a copy of the first edition of Lingard's *History*, but it was in quarto and merely in boards, so that both its weight and appearance prevented me from having anything to do with it. There was also an old

edition of Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, and this I did attempt, but with little success; for the plain matter-of-fact enumeration of the imprisonment and sufferings of men whose names were all I knew about them, deterred rather than invited perusal. One other book was Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*, and I entered heartily into his thorough detestation of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and all their ways. If to these books I add a volume of *Voyages Round the World*, beginning with Magellan's and Drake's, of which I never grew tired, it will appear that I was fairly well equipped for entering on College life!

About this time an important event for me took place. Mrs. Thomson, the Catholic bookseller in Preston, was bringing out a reprint of Reeve's *Bible History*. I went to see it printed, and I thought that it would never be ready for use. When, at length, I carried it off, in all the glory of a slippery binding in sheepskin, my delight in reading it knew no bounds. I read it over and over again, until I almost knew it by heart. Somewhat later, I got a ticket of admission to Shepherd's Library, but amongst all the mighty tomes which encumbered its shelves, I confess, to my shame, that I was familiar with only one—a folio edition of *Don Quixote*. I keenly appreciated Sancho Panza's performances, and I laughed so unrestrainedly at one of the scrapes into which he got, that I never returned to the room. It was the quaint picture—a woodcut—which moved my mirth far more than the text; and, besides, I had a boy friend who attempted to read with me. Of course, the attempt was fatal, and I ceased my attendances there.

I went to school to a Mr. Kenyon. He was a good scholar, of great scientific attainments, but an easy-going and indulgent master. The principal thing I remember about him is that he invariably on Sundays came late to Mass. This was in St. Wilfrid's Church, and as our bench was the first one in the gallery, and his was half-way up the middle aisle, his hopeful



pupils had every opportunity of observing his exemplary behaviour. Under his care, I had already made some proficiency in Latin and French and even Greek; and I was a good arithmetician for my age. My family had given many priests to the Northern Mission in former times. I had had one uncle a Bishop in London, and another a priest in Lancashire, and I had always said, from the earliest time to which I can look back, that I, too, would be a priest. Both my uncles had been at Ushaw, and two of my brothers had preceded me there. And so to Ushaw it was decided that I should go. I was even then tall for my age, a slender lath of a boy; merry, but gentle, and even shy, in disposition.

A journey to the county of Durham from the town of Preston was a very different thing then, from what it is now-a-days. For it was in the month of August, in the year 1837, the year of the coronation of Her Gracious Majesty—whom may God long preserve!—that I made this important step in my life. Two years before, in 1835, my eldest brother John had been sent to Ushaw, and I well remember going to see him off. He made the journey from Preston to Lancaster in the fast packet on the canal. At that time there was no railway passing through Preston, though the works and excavations for the North-Union, southwards of Preston, had begun, and my last journey to Liverpool, before leaving home for college, was made by railway. But the railway north of Preston was still a thing of the future. The packet had been given up, and so it was by mail-coach that I had to travel. My brother Richard, older than I by about a year-and-a-half, was returning to college, and we were placed under the care of Mr. Peter Nightingale, then in the Divines' school at Ushaw, and master of the lowest class of rudiments. He had been spending the vacation in Lancashire, and, in the course of it, had been a frequent visitor at my father's house. He was a bright, good-natured man; very popular with boys, for he was good at all athletic games, and had a cheery manner

with them. He died in 1847, one of the many victims to the fever which raged so fiercely that year in Liverpool.

I felt little regret at leaving home, though it was a pleasant one, and I was blessed with the best of parents. I was full of bright anticipations of what was to be seen and done at college. One of my earliest friends, Charles Teebay, now the respected Rector of St. Joseph's College, Upholland, had preceded me thither by about two months; he was even then wide-awake about every interesting place in the neighbourhood of Preston, and many a walk we had taken together in search of the picturesque and curious.

When every preparation had been made, and a man from the warehouse in Lord Street had wheeled in his truck my box to the coach-office, my father and my good old uncle John accompanied us two lads to the Red Lion Hotel. Adieux were exchanged, our coats and mufflers were arranged, and we climbed up to the front of the coach to occupy seats behind the driver. It was a bright summer evening, and we had still some hours of light before us. The coachman gave a shake to the reins, he cracked his whip, and off we started for our run of over a hundred miles. We took three hours or thereabouts to reach Lancaster. The great road to the north was at that time one of the chief modes of communication between Scotland and the large centres of industry in Lancashire. It was kept in good repair, and was generally thronged with vehicles of all descriptions. Numerous well appointed coaches made the run between Preston and Lancaster and back at all hours of the day. The old tower of Broughton Church, low and broad, with its outer walls bound with great iron S S, looked as grim as it does now; while the lodge to Barton Hall, the residence of Mr. Jacson, was even then trim and cared for. Cobbett's Lane End had already got its name from that celebrated character, who had spent several nights with the Rev. Mr. Marsh, priest of Newhouse, during his unsuccessful candidature for the representation of Preston.

The way had been long familiar to me, for twice a year, at Christmas and in summer time, I had been wont to go to Claughton Rectory to eat mince pies or cherries. But after passing the turn to the right in Claughton all was new to me, and I distinctly remember the ascent and descent of Bowgreave Hill just before reaching Garstang. Even to this day, almost fifty years after, I can recall my delight at the glorious view that presented itself to the eye when we arrived at the top of the hill. The "finished town" lay at our feet, embedded in the rich green of the surrounding meadows and pastures. On the left, in the far distance, was the dark mass of Black Combe, its summit, indeed, illumined by the deep red rays of the setting sun; while on the right, the slopes of the Scorton and Bleasdale Fells were bathed in the rich light. I had been familiar with the pastoral beauties of Ribblesdale, but they now seemed tame when I beheld the wild, bold outlines of the Pennine range. One thing I did not notice at the time, and this was the point where the Roman Road crosses the modern highway on the northern slope of the hill. Little did I think then that nearly half a century later a fugitive paper of mine in the Palatine Note Book was to be the fortunate occasion of tracing accurately an important section of this long lost path.

Of course, when we resumed our journey at Lancaster in the "Lord Exmouth," it had become nearly dark, and I had a place in the inside of the coach. There was a lady fellow-traveller, and she had with her a basket of grapes. As she kindly invited me to partake of them, we were soon friends, and my tongue was loosened to talk with the ready confidence of boyhood. But most of the journey was spent by me in the happy oblivion of sleep. I recked little of the desolation of Stanemore, of the beauties of the Tees valley, of the glories of Raby Castle, or the unattractive clusters of coke-ovens as we approached Durham.

But at the risk of anticipating somewhat, I must tell one or



two anecdotes of what passed in after years, when I was on the self-same track, only in a reverse direction, returning to Lancashire after the College year had finished. One year, I well remember, when the coach was occupied inside and out with boys on the first day of their vacation, not long after leaving Barnard Castle, we were pointed out a long, low, straggling building, and told it was Dotheboy's Hall, the veritable scene of one of Charles Dickens's most picturesque descriptions. Straightway arose, as from a pack of hounds, a clear, ringing shout of three cheers for Mr. Squeers. In 1838, when we approached Kirby Steven, where we were to sup, the seniors began gravely to discuss the hour. It was a Friday, and midnight was not yet come. A goodly supper was always ready for the arrival of the travellers, but the mutton chops were not to be touched till the clock had struck twelve. Mr. Alexander Goss, who had been teaching syntax the previous year, took the command. He proposed to stand by the clock and to give the signal when the time was up. So we set to work at the buttered toast and buns and the potted trout, until Mr. Goss uttered the welcome words, "Now, boys, for the ham and eggs." In this Alexander Goss my readers will recognise the great Bishop of Liverpool, whose imposing appearance, whose fearless, outspoken eloquence, whose rigid enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, and whose stout championship of the Church's rights, have made his name memorable in the history of the Catholic religion in England.

We travel now in more prosaic style, though at a greater speed, but the folks grown old can find a keen delight in recalling the long past pleasures of the road. We arrived in Durham about six o'clock in the morning, and stayed at the inn in Old Elvet. I need not here say anything of the town, but we reached Ushaw a little before two.

The college was then a plain square building, as unadorned as well could be, and I gazed with astonishment at the long rows of

windows rising tier above tier ; and on entering the ambulacrum, I thought it almost interminable. I was conducted to the refectory—the community dinner was over, but the carvers were having theirs after the boys had retired. The 12th of August that year was a Friday, and a second course was supplied. It was an important-looking tart in brown ware—such as I had seen holding milk in a dairy—and it was filled with currants, and covered with a mighty crust. Then the pewter plates, the pronged steel forks, and the cups ! But as I was hungry, everything came right to me.

The next proceeding was to get a second play-fellow, for of course my brother Richard was to be one ; and my fast friend till this day, Wm. Walker, now of Lancaster, was assigned as the other. How little he has changed in character since that day ! He had the same beaming countenance as now ; he was as cheery and as full of ready sympathy ; he was so completely at ease with himself, it was hard indeed if those about him were not at their ease also. Withal he was shrewd and possessed of tact and *savoir faire*. As the afternoon was already pretty well advanced, our walk was limited to the immediate neighbourhood ; and we sauntered into the plantation behind the college. It consisted chiefly of fir-trees of perhaps from twenty to thirty years' growth, and there was a straight walk going through it from top to bottom. Perhaps it was as uninviting and dismal as a wood in August could be, but my play-fellows soon found in it a surpassing attraction. On the twig of a bushy tree was a hornet's nest, rather larger than a good sized orange, and they straightway planned its destruction. For my part, I was a town-bred boy, and my sole relation with hornets was to keep at a respectful distance from them. So it was with the keenest interest that I watched the operations. They were successful ; the twig was broken off, the entrance to the nest secured, and the conquerors returned to the college with their prize. Five o'clock came, and my play-fellows asked me if I wanted to go to the

refectory for a piece of dry bread. I had not yet got over my astonishment at the big currant pie, and so I answered I was not hungry.

Seven o'clock came, and I was taken to the chapel for first prayers. The chapel was the present Hall, but how plain and simple it was in all its appointments! At the top end were the three altars, then a broad open space, then the benches on either side, and at the bottom in the middle, the Prefect's desk. A new boy's place was in the strangers' bench at the lower end on the left hand, but it so happened that my play-fellows went in before me and I occupied the outside place. The consequences of this arrangement were remarkable; for I had had only a broken rest during the previous night. I fell fast asleep, lost my equilibrium, and rolled into the middle of the chapel. Mr. Chadwick was the Prefect, and he and the President, then Mr. Newsham, rushed to the rescue. They picked me up, and conducted me to the seat in the ambulacrum, nearest to the chapel-door. As soon as I had so far recovered myself as to speak, they asked me what was the matter. I really did not know; but I answered that I was faint for want of food. Thereupon, my companions got a good scolding for not taking greater care of me, and it was at once decided that I was in future to have some bread and milk every morning before the seven o'clock Mass, and again in the evening at five o'clock. With this notable performance, my recollection of that memorable day came to an end; but I may observe, that I dutifully persevered in going for the bread and milk at five o'clock for upwards of twelve years, until the December of 1849, when I was ordained priest and admitted to the Parlour.

Any Ushaw reader of these lines will know that the Mr. Chadwick here mentioned, was the charming, accomplished, and universally beloved Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. To him I owed a further obligation, for it was he who, as General Prefect, administered to me what Father Gurdon calls the eighth sacra-

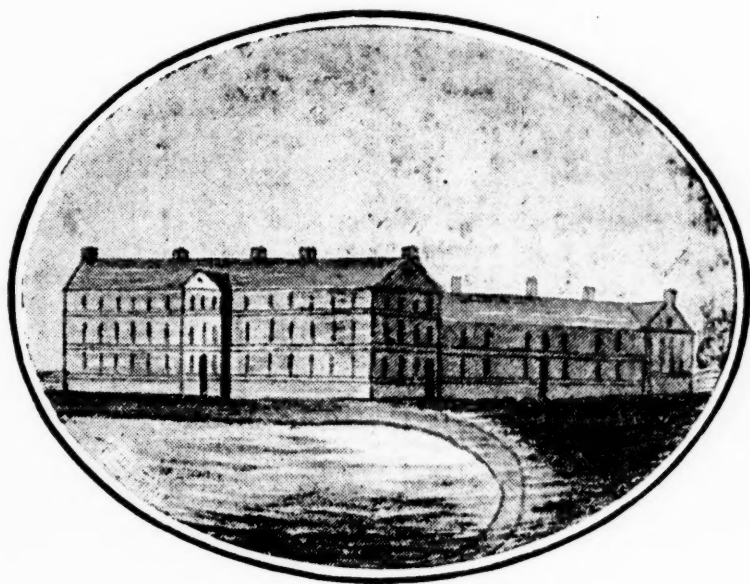


ment in a dose of birch wine. No doubt this helped to develop every good trait in my character, and though I cannot say that, like Father Tom Burke, I deserve the title of "Well whipped," I hope I am duly grateful for what whipping I did get.

The Mr. Newsham, for then he was so styled, before long became "the Doctor" of Cardinal Wiseman's *The Hidden Gem*, and, later still, the Right Rev. Monsignore Charles Newsham. To him I am indebted in a different fashion for very different benefits; and of these, whilst I fully acknowledge them, it does not become me, in a paper like this, to speak.

Sweet to me are these memories of the dear old place; and the effort to recall them has served only to renew my love for Saint Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.

ROBERT GRADWELL.



A STUDENT'S SKETCH OF THE COLLEGE IN 1809.

## In a Meadow.

AT the mid-heaven the July sun is burning,  
 Pouring his white heat on the throbbing world,  
 With all its green-gold wheat to yellow turning,  
 And all its polished grass-blades crisped and curled.

I know, a stone's throw off, a quaint old garden—  
 The thrush's home, the blackbird's long desire—  
 In whose green gloom red lilies stand for warden,  
 Keeping their Paradise with swords of fire.

But here—O sweet—the lark's above in Heaven,  
 On the sun's heart, whose bird of love he is,  
 With the warm wind is all the wide mead waven,  
 Tossed to grey breakers like the hoary seas.

Brave's my dark hedge with rose and pearl festooning,  
 The hyacinth-coloured woodbine's honey-sweet ;  
 Hark, in the neighbouring wheat some wood-sprite crooning,  
 Talking and walking with unresting feet.

Here's honeysuckle, and the bee her lover,  
 And great dog-daisies softly swayed and moved,  
 All the field's floor doth scattered gold dust cover,  
 The yellow cuckoo-buds my Shakespeare loved.

On such a day, on such a day, by Avon,  
 Prone in the meadows, screened from human sight,  
 Only the lark to watch him from high Heaven,  
 He drank like me the Summer's full delight.

In such a mead—O sweet—I see him lying,  
With his deep eyes all warm with happy dreams,  
Warm with his youth, and swallows o'er him flying,  
Lighting his brown hair with their wings' swift gleams.

In Charlecote it might be, beside the river,  
Where trees and ferns make alcoves cool and dim,  
And the white stars of lilies lightly quiver,  
And water-fowl come forth to look at him.

Alas ! beyond the woods from his lush meadow,  
He sees red roof and chimney-stack arise,  
And o'er his dreaming flits like sun through shadow  
The love-light of Anne Hathaway's blue eyes.

The tall deer know his haunts, and all unheeding,  
Eat the long grass, and couch amid the fern ;  
While all too swift the happy hours are speeding,  
The young gold hours that never shall return.

Yon is Sir Thomas Lucy's orchard shady,  
With the small apples brightening on the boughs,  
And round the red rose garden of my Lady  
The hollyhocks stand up in stately rows.

But sweeter far Anne Hathaway's small garden,  
With a sun-dial at the heart thereof,  
And a fierce lion carved of yew for warden,  
And the air rich with musk, and thyme, and clove.

But sweetest flower amid the rare old flowers,  
Gold-crested Anne with her sweet eyes of youth ;  
And her shy smile comes through the dusky bowers,  
Most meet for whispering lover's tales in sooth.



Nay, I but dream—three hundred years are over,  
Since the true lovers lived through love's delights ;  
They sleep below the dew and the white clover,  
And hear the nightingale o' moon-white nights.

See here are Shakespeare's flowers that set me dreaming,  
In this grey Irish meadow at my feet ;  
The gold-heart lady-smocks all whitely gleaming,  
The cuckoo-buds the brown bee finds so sweet.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## Mont-Saint-Michel.

THE Liberal Government of France continues to mark its progress by successive acts of tyranny: in the May of last year it abolished Catholic worship in the great Church of Saint Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris: having done its best to insult the Saint of the City, it is now proceeding to show its rancour towards the patron of the Nation. M. Goblet, the Minister of Public Worship, has decreed that, on the last day of the present month, the Basilica of Mont-Saint-Michel shall be closed, and Religion be driven from this glorious Sanctuary. The motives, which have produced this act of sacrilege, are more like those of spiteful and vicious boys than those of responsible statesmen. Last October the electors of La Manche replaced Republican by Royalist deputies; the enemies of the priesthood at once suggested to the Minister the secularisation of the mountain-basilica, and M. Goblet has eagerly accepted this method of wreaking revenge on those who had dared to differ from the political views of the party in power. Thus a church in which Frenchmen, and, indeed, all the world, have prayed for eleven centuries, is to be proscribed by the undistinguished tyrant of the hour. How long, O France, how long will you suffer these mutilations of your most glorious traditions, these ebullitions of hatred against your most devoted sons, both priests and princes?

Where the borders of Normandy and Brittany touch one another, stands the celebrated rock, whose legends are so full of antique simplicity, whose history is so glorious, and whose present aspect is so romantic, so venerable, and so beautiful.

Hardly has there been a more perfect example of the small body with the mighty heart. If we take one view of "magnitude and mind," we shall find that mind is best developed in small environments; witness Athens, Florence, and Mont-Saint-Michel; the last is the smallest of the really great places who have made history within their four walls and their few acres. This singular rock always excited the imaginations of men, and from the first attracted the most sensitive and dominant spirits to rule or teach or pray in the bold seclusion of its heights. Before Christianity, the Druids had a college there, and performed their ceremonies, terrible with blood. In their day the rock formed a part of the mainland, and presented the appearance of a great mausoleum, to which the Mole of Adrian was a pigmy; hence its ancient name of *Mont-Tombe*. Nine Druidesses served the altars on the summit of the rock. The gigantic Stonehenge-like monoliths which composed them were, according to the legend, cast from their places in later times by a little Christian child. Then Rome dominated the rock, as she did everything else, and gave it the name of *Mons-Jovis*. Pottery, medals, and fragments of mosaic attest the presence of the *Orbis terrarum domina*. At the end of the fourth century there was already a Christian Bishop of Avranches. Solitaries had begun to people the forest of Siscy and the rocky precipice: *Saint Gaud*, *Saint Pair*, and the venerable *Aroaste* came to live and die here; indeed, the country had become a Gallic Thebaid.

A new era dawned for the Mount in the beginning of the eighth century. *Saint Aubert* was Bishop of Avranches when Saint Michael appeared to him and commanded him to erect a sanctuary on the Mont-Tombe, wherein the Archangel should be honoured for ever, as on Monte Gargano in Italy. The good bishop seems to have doubted the reality of the celestial intervention, and the Archangel deigned to appear to him for the



third time, leaving a deep mark upon his forehead, as a sign of his commands. The bishop says with charming simplicity: "The Archangel strongly blamed me for my incredulity; and, touching my head with his finger, left the mark which you all behold." By the miraculous agency of a child's significant weakness, he overturned the Druidic altars, which strong men had been unable to move. He purified the site and erected a small circular crypt in the severe and simple style of the Gallo-Roman period. *Saint Aubert* established on the mountain a college of twelve canons, who were constantly to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, and soon pilgrims from the whole of Catholic Europe flocked to the sanctuary of the Archangel. Popes granted spiritual favours, Kings material resources, and the work of the Bishop of Avranches prospered from year to year. Then came Charlemagne to add fresh glory to the Sacred Mount, and to give special honour to its angelic guardian. Passing through Avranches, the great King heard Mass celebrated by the bishop—*Saint Aubert* was long dead—then went on to Mont-Saint-Michel, where he "piously made his devotions," and after his coronation he ordered the image and name of Saint Michael to be placed upon his standards, declaring him to be "Patronus et princeps imperii Galliarum."

From this time Mont-Saint-Michel became a national monument, whither France went to implore the help of Heaven in all her distresses. Nearly all the cathedrals and churches, during the middle ages, had chapels dedicated to Saint Michael. His effigy shone in stained-glass, and crowned the summits of countless ecclesiastical buildings. "Saint Michael, protector of France, pray for us," was a refrain added to the liturgy of the church. So anxious were pilgrims to take away relics from the sacred place, that they seriously injured the edifices, and penalties had to be inflicted on the depredators. The pilgrims then had recourse to the shore and picked up the shells which were

scattered there, as memorials of their visit; hence it arose that the scallop shell became the ensign of a pilgrim. In aftertimes the monastery adopted this shell in its coat of arms. In 943 *Richard-sans-Peur*, Duke of Normandy, seeing that reform was needed among the Aubertine Canons, determined to replace them by Benedictine monks. Their first Abbot was elected in 966, and then began that splendid Benedictine career of devotion and learning, of art and usefulness, which has given such lustre and fame to a solitary wave-worn rock.

The devotion of the English to Saint Michael was so remarkable, that Edward the Confessor bestowed on the monks of the Norman Rock, Saint Michael's Mount in Cornwall; while Harold and his after Conqueror paid a visit together to the shrine during the former's fatal visit to France. The monks assisted William in his invasion with men and ships, and their banner of Saint Michael waved in front of the conquering host at Hastings. Although the Monks of Saint Michael successfully mingled in the stirring events and diplomacy of their time, and were the councillors of kings, they lived from day to day a very different life, in the wild home whence they had dislodged the sea-birds. Besides conforming strictly to their rule, they studied and taught in schools which were soon celebrated. Here were cultivated every known branch of learning; all the teachers and their scholars enrolled themselves as "*Principis ætherei Sancti Michaelis Alumni*," thus acknowledging the Archangel as their master even in earthly and spiritual science. The fruits of their studies only remain to us in that most permanent of all memorials—their architecture; and who shall say that the hardihood, the strength, the grace, the hazardous originality, and the whole daring group of sublime building were not directly inspired by the great Marshal of Heaven? and surely His special protection must have been accorded to this marvellous place, which, after countless lightning-strokes, sieges and revolutions, still holds its head

high over the Western Ocean. From the beginning of the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century, Mont-Saint-Michel, under a succession of admirable abbots, extended its influence for good throughout Europe, was the bourne of countless pilgrims, and increased in material majesty and beauty. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were more particularly the ages of pilgrimage, and in 1333 occurred the touching pilgrimage of the Little Children : mysterious voices had said to them, " Arise and go to Mont-Saint-Michel," and they came in safety from the most distant places, often protected in a miraculous manner.

But though these were ages of devotion, they were also ages of war, and the monastery, as it grew, had of necessity to partake of the nature of a fortress ; while the increasing boldness and incursions of the English finally made the *Mont* a centre of protection to the people of the surrounding country. Soon military architecture added its stern features to the wonderful pile, making it a perfect microcosm of the ages of fighting and faith which gave it birth. The battle of Agincourt was fought in 1415, and France was under the heel of England. The miseries inflicted by our countrymen on that noble kingdom were almost universal, and the few places which resisted naturally excited the indignation of the victorious English ; chief among these was Mont-Saint-Michel. Efforts extending over years completely failed to conquer the monastic fortress, and finally in 1423, the English blockaded it completely for the space of five months. They were at last beaten off ; but fresh attempts were made, and in 1427 the perils and distress in the *Mont* were more pressing than ever ; twenty thousand English besieged the town, and it seemed that the last stronghold and the virgin city of France must be taken by the enemy. One hundred and nineteen knights and forty monks were the only defenders ; but they were all animated by the desire to conquer or to die for



their unhappy country. After many heroic acts on both sides, the English had to retire and abandon the siege ; the brave and pious besieged attributed their victory to "*l'ayde de Dieu et de Monseigneur Saint Michel, prince des chevaliers du ciel.*" This victory in Lower Normandy was the prelude to many others ; Saint Michael appeared to Joan of Arc and encouraged her in her efforts to save her country. In 1429 Charles VII. was crowned at Rheims amid the tears of Joan, who thanked "Messire Saint Michel" for his protection ; thus La Pucelle and the knights and monks of Mont-Saint-Michel saved the kingdom of France.

Then came a time of repairs and restoration, of increased influence and of more numerous pilgrimages. In 1462 the astute Louis XI. visited the Abbey, distributing royal gifts. This king had, later, the well-meant thought of instituting an Order of Knighthood to honour Saint Michael and to commemorate the splendid defence of 1427 ; this order, among the most distinguished in Europe, lasted until the French Revolution. Still, from the time of its institution, the monastic spirit began to fade. Then followed the wars of the Huguenots, and Mont-Saint-Michel had to defend itself at intervals for nearly a century with unvarying success and courage.

The world, as has been seen, would not leave the monastery in peace, and the monks became reduced both in number and in fervour ; as a consequence, in 1622, nearly seven hundred years after the arrival of the first Benedictines, they were replaced by a small colony of their congregation of Saint-Maur ; and now, for nearly a hundred and fifty years there was comparative peace. Madame de Sévigné describes the city of the Archangel as still "*orgueilleuse et fière*" in the days of Louis XIV. Then came the Great Revolution with spoliation and sacrilege in its train ; for seventy years the fortress-monastery was a State prison, and not until 1864 was it restored to diocesan

authority. Its second secularisation is reserved for this year of grace, and the city of genius and of miracle is to be again profaned.

The apsidal crown of the basilica still stands more than four hundred feet above the sea; in former days the graceful flèche rose one hundred feet more, carrying the statue of the dominant Archangel, whose flaming sword menaced the enemies of France, and according to the device of the Knights of Saint Michael, was a terror to the vast ocean: "*Immensi tremor Oceani.*" The granite walls, twenty feet thick at the base, rise from the secular rock as though the rock itself had changed its nature and taken to growing like a forest tree; while all the irregularities of the site were skilfully worked into happy surprises of plan. Nine hundred years of the history of Art, from Norman work down to Neo-Greek, are crystallised on this rock of ages. *La Merveille*, as one great building out of the many is truly called, is a masterpiece of scientific and artistic masonry, designed with almost supernatural force; the cloister attached to it, exquisitely carved in rigid granite, is the most original and one of the most beautiful in Europe: "*Ce cloître est un milieu entre Dieu et les hommes, par où celui-là descend vers ceux-ci sans rien perdre de sa majesté,*" says an old chronicler; the mediæval men called this enchanting flower of constructive and decorative thought the "Palace of the Angels." The double row of delicate columns which encircle the cloister-garth, rush together in sharply pointed arches, from whose inner sides spring small groin-ribs, which unite the inner and the outer arcade; by a happy invention the column in the one case coincides with the arch-space in the other, thus producing a wall-veil, in which harmony mingles with variety and ingenuity achieves simplicity. What is now called the Hall of the Knights, with its countless columns and its many branching roof of stone, is perhaps the most impressive relic of the middle ages in France or Europe. The church which dominates the

whole group most appropriately breaks into the lighter forms of the later Gothic, whose crocketed pinnacles form the diadem of this queen of the Normandy coast.

We moderns flatter ourselves that we have discovered the intimate, and, as it were, personal charm of nature; certainly our best landscape painters and our poets seem to have found and grasped the subtle bonds which unite the moods of man and of nature. We understand the language of our painters and our poets, but do we quite understand the voice, mute, yet eloquent, which discourses passionate love in the tendrils of hard stone, and thrills us with echoes of romance from mountains building-crowned and sea-set gems of art? The men of the middle ages loved nature with a love as intimate, though differing in form of expression, as any modern; but intense as was their love, it was practical and energetic; to them a lovely knoll existed that it might be perfected by a still more lovely tower, which should gather to itself all the force and beauty of the surrounding landscape; to them a fertile plain with its level lines, was a foil for the rocket-like up-springing of many hundred feet of tapering stone-work; to them a river-brightened valley was made to be the haunt of monasteries whose carved capitals and spandrils should repeat the herbage and flowers, even as the translucent stream did in its own sweet but different way. And when nature, as in Mont-Saint-Michel, put on a more daring mood than usual, the poet-builders caught her spirit and out-dared her own audacity.

The misfortune of France at present is not to so much the absence of poetic insight, as the presence of political spite and of religious rancour. Mont-Saint-Michel, dedicated through so many centuries to God and the great Archangel, is not now to be injured in its fabric; it is only to be turned into a wind-swept Museum. It will be guarded by policemen instead of monks: it is to be a monument of recreant France. Let us hope that, even



as before, after seventy years of defilement, this splendid sanctuary was returned to its rightful owners, so this last desecration will before long be repented of. The real heart of France is surely too deep, too serious and too just to be truly and permanently represented by the mischievous antics and the forcible feebleness of her present government.

BERNARD WHELAN.

## In the Greenwood.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### RAIN IN NEW ENGLAND.

“ Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went  
On every syde shear ;  
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent  
For to kyll thear dear.”

FOR three consecutive mornings of a certain month of May not far distant, Blanch and I had opened our diaries to write, “ Wind E. N. E.”

Everybody knows what that means in Boston. It means chill and greyness and drizzle ; it means melancholy-shining sidewalks and puddles *à surprise* just where the foot is most confidently planted ; it means water dripping over gutters, flowing frothily from spouts, and squishing from shoes of poor folks at every step they take ; it means draggled skirts, and cross looks, and influenza, and bronchitis, and a disposition to believe in the total depravity of inanimate things.

Yes ; but also it means an effervescence of spirit in those rare souls, like incarnate sunshine, kindred in some sort of “ Epic-tetus, a slave, maimed in body, an Irus in poverty, and favoured by the immortals.”

But—three whole days of drizzle !

On the first day, Blanch and I glanced approvingly skyward, and said, “ A fine rain ! ” then went about that inevitable clearing

out of drawers and closets and reading of old letters, which a rainy day suggests to the feminine mind.

On the second morning, we donned water-proofs and overshoes, and boldly sallied forth, coming in later breathless, glowing, drenched, and with our hair curled up into kinks. Then, subsiding a little, we drew down the crimson curtains, lighted a fire, lighted the gas, and shutting ourselves into that rosy cloister, read till we were sleepy.

But sometimes water looks a great deal wetter than it does at other times; and on the third morning it looked very wet indeed. The damp easterly gloom entered between our eyelids and penetrated to our souls. We struck our colours. Like the Sybarite who got a pain in his back from seeing some men at work in the field, we shivered in sympathy with every passing wretch.

That prince of blunderers, Sir Boyle Roche, used to say that the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plumb. Acting on that principle, Blanch and I took each a chair and window, and, seating ourselves, stared silently in the face of the enemy. After an hour or so, I began to feel the benefit of the baronet's prescription.

"Blanch," said I, brightening, "let's go on a lark down to Maine, to the northern part of Hancock County, to a place I know."

Blanch turned her small, white face towards me, gave me a reproachful glance out of her pale-blue eyes, then drew her shawl closer about her throat, and resumed her gaze in the face of out-of-doors.

I waited a moment, then pursued, "Rain in town and rain in the country are two reigns, as the histories say. Lilies shrugging up their white shoulders, and roses shaking their pink faces to get rid of the drops; trees, lucent green jewels in every leaf; birds laughing and scolding at the same time, casting bright little jokes from leafy covert to covert;



brooks foaming through their channels like champagne out of bottles—”

“Never compare a greater thing to a less,” interrupted Blanch, severe and rhetorical.

“So you think rain-water is better than champagne?” I asked.

“No matter. Go on with your poetics.”

“At this time the apple-trees are pink clouds of incense, and the cherry-trees are white clouds of incense, the maples are on fire; there are fresh light-green sprouts on the dark-green spruces; the flaky boughs of the cedars have put forth pale, spicy buds; and the silver birches glimmer under hovering mists of green. Deer are stealing out of the woods to browse in the openings, and grey rabbits hop across the long, still road (there is but one road). The May-flowers are about gone; but dandelions, ‘spring’s largesse,’ are everywhere. Here and there is a clearing, over which the surrounding wildness has thrown a gentle savagery, like lichen over rocks. The people (there are two) live in a log house. They never get a newspaper till it is weeks old, perhaps not so soon, and they know nothing of fashion. Everything there is peaceful. Rumours of oppression, fraud, and war reach them not. I should not be surprised if that were one of the places where they still vote for General Jackson. Their most frequent visitors are bears, and wolves, and snappish little yellow foxes. In short, you have no idea how delightful the place is.”

“I am not like the Queen of Sheba,” says Blanch. “Though the half had not been told me, my imagination would have out-built, and out-sung, and out-shone Solomon in all his glory. Who are these people?”

“Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Sally Smith. Sally lived with my mother as help when I was a little girl. On my tenth birthday, she gave me my first smelling-bottle, purple glass with a silver-washed screw-top. The season was July, and the day very

warm. After holding my precious present in my hand awhile, I opened it, and, in the innocence of my heart, took a deliberate snuff. The result beggars description. When I became capable of thought, I believed that the top of my head had been blown off. You remember in the *Arabian Nights* the bottle out of which, when it was unstopped, a demon escaped? Well, that was the same bottle. Sally used to boil molasses candy for me; and she has braided my hair and boxed my ears many a time. But mother didn't allow her to box my ears. Thomas lived in our town, and tried to support himself and make a fortune by keeping a market, but with slight success. He was always behind hand, and never got the dinner home till the cook was at the point of distraction. They called him the late Mr. Smith. By-and-by he and Sally got married, and went into the woods to live. I paid Sally a visit long ago, and she made me promise to come again."

"I dare say it is all moon-shine," said Blanch, rising. "But, here goes."

"Where to?" I exclaimed.

"To pack my trunks for a visit to Sally Smith," answered Blanch from the door-way.

"But I was in fun."

"And I am in earnest."

"And perhaps the facts are not so fair as the fancies."

"So much the worse for the facts."

With which quotation the young woman disappeared. Resistance was useless. Blanch is one of those gentle, yielding creatures who always have their own way. And I love to be tyrannized over. I followed her up-stairs, repeating ruefully,

"Since then I never dared to be  
As funny as I can."

Catch me being poetic again!

That very evening a letter was mailed to Sally Smith, an-

nouncing our coming ; and in less than a week we started, lingering over the first part of our journey, that due preparation might be made for our entertainment. The last day and a half were to be an allegro movement.

The drive from Bucksport to Ellsworth was delightful ; not the beginning of it, where twelve persons were crowded into a nine-passenger coach ; where Blanch, looking like a wilted flower, sat wedged between two large, determined women ; where my neighbours were a restless man who was constantly trying to get something out of the coat-pocket next me, and an æsthetic man who insisted on looking past my nose at the prospect, and a tobacco-chewing man as his breath in my face fully testified ; all this was not delightful. But after we had entreated the driver, and been assisted to a perch on the coach roof, then it was glorious.

Then we got airy tosses instead of dislocating jolts ; saw the road unwind, turn by turn, from the woods ; saw how the grating brake was put to the wheel while we crept over the brow of a steep pitch, then let go while we spun down the lower part and flew over the level. The afternoon sun was behind us, and gilded the hills ; but the hollows were full of transparent dusk with the crowding, overhanging woods. As we came up out of them, our horses strained forward to trample on a gaint shadow-coach, with four shadow-horses, a shadow-driver, and two fly-away shadow-women in advance of everything else.

Presently the boughs ceased to catch at our veils, the woods thinned and withdrew, houses appeared and multiplied, and we came out on to a long steep hill dipping to a river, whence another long steep hill rose at the other side. And built up and down, and to right and left, was a pretty town with all its white houses rose-red in the sunset. Well might it blush under our faithful eyes ! "Blanch," I said, "behold a town where, sixteen years ago, a Catholic priest almost won the crown of martyrdom. On the hill opposite, toward the south, stood the Catholic church



that was burned, and the Catholic school-house that was blown up with gunpowder. There is the cottage where the priest lived. One August evening, when the sky was like a topaz with sunset, and the new moon was out, he baptized me there, and a little while after they broke his windows with stones. Further up the hill is the house from which, one rainy Saturday night, a mob of masked men dragged him. Ah well ! that story is yet to be told."

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## CHAPTER II.

## HE AND SHE.

THE next morning early, we started on our last day's journey, and were driven through a rough country, the road dwindling till it seemed likely to imitate that avenue which narrowed till it turned into a squirrel-track and ran up a tree. At five o'clock we stopped at a farm-house, which was also post-office ; and there we got a man to take us to our journey's end.

"Maybe you'll take this letter with you," the postmaster said. "It's for Miss Smith." *Mrs.* is never heard in that region. I took that letter, and gazed at it a moment in wrathful silence. There was my annunciatory epistle written to Sally Smith more than a fortnight before ! "Allah il Allah !" sighed Blanch resignedly when I held up the letter to her view.

The road over which we now drove was streaked with grass that tempted the lowered nose of our Rosinante, and graceful clusters of buttercups brushed the slow spokes of our wheels. The forest primeval shot down, solid and precipitous, at our left, and at our right the scrubby spruces clambered and straggled

over the ledges with the appearance of having just stopped to look at us ; and in a little while we saw through their tops a log house that stood at the head of a rocky lane. A thin wreath of smoke curled from the stone chimney, curtains of spotless whiteness shone inside the tiny hinged windows, and a luxuriant hop-vine draped all the wall next us. Not a rod back from the house, and drawn darkly against the sunset sky, was a picture very like Doré's bringing of the ark to Bethsames. A group of cattle stood there motionless, two low-bending spruce-trees unfurled their plummy branches over a square rock, and, as motionless as either, stood a tall, gaunt woman staring fixedly at us.

"Goodness gracious !" cried Blanch sharply, "the child will shoot us !" Following her glance, I espied a tow-headed urchin of ten, maybe, whom our coming had petrified in the act of getting through the bars at the foot of the lane. Against the lower bar rested his rifle, the muzzle looking us directly in the eye. I seized upon him and changed his aim. "Your name is Larkin," I said accusingly. "Yes, ma'am !" he answered in a trembling voice. "What are you here for ?" "Ma'am sent me to borrow Miss Smith's darn'-needle," he whimpered. "You have come four miles through the woods to borrow a darning-needle ?" I demanded. "Yes, ma'am !" he answered, eagerly pointing to a huge needle with a blue yarn which was sewed into his blue drilling shirt-front. "Is Mrs. Sally Smith alive ?" I asked solemnly. "Yes, ma'am !" "Does she live in this house ?" "Yes, ma'am !" "Does any one else live here ?" "Yes, ma'am !" "Who ?" "Mr. Smith." "Well, set your rifle down here in the corner of the fence, and look out how you aim it another time. There ! now take this letter and carry it up to Mrs. Smith, and give her my compliments, and say that we would like a reply at her earliest convenience. We may be addressed at the foot of the lane, sitting on our trunks."

As I released his arm, he shot wildly up the lane, and tumbled

headlong in at the weather-porch that guarded the northern door. In a few minutes, a woman's head appeared and took an observation, while her two hands were visible smoothing her hair and rapidly adjusting an apron. Then the whole 'long figure emerged. At first she walked warily, stopping once or twice as though about to turn back; then she gave a long look, and hurried down the lane, a broad smile breaking out, token of recognition. Her voice reached me first, "Well, I do declare, I'm tickled 'most to death to see you!" With the last words came a mighty grip of the hands, and Sally looked at me with eyes overflowing with tears and gladness.

Most exquisite and dignified reader, didst thou ever think, when raising to thy lips the cut-glass goblet of iced water, poured from a silver pitcher filled at a faucet supplied through a leaden pipe, that in its turn is fed by miles of underground aqueduct, that thou wouldst like rather to slake thy thirst at some natural spring bubbling over mossy stones and prostrate grasses? For once or twice, may be? If so, all hail! for thou art not quite a mummy. Underneath thy social swathings still beats a faint echo of the bounding pulse of some free-born ancestor, a sheik of the desert, a dusky forest-chief, a patriarch of the tents. Trampled on, thou wilt turn not to dust, but to fire; and the papyrus is unfinished on which shall be written the story of thy life. There have been times, too, in which thou hast thought that not only thy drink was far-fetched and no sweeter for the fetching, but that the smiles, the welcomes, the farewells, the friendships were all stale and unrefreshing. Thou hast longed for the generous love, which, while it will bear nothing from thee, will bear all things for thee; for the honest hate that carries its blade in sight, and lurks not in sly and sanctimonious speech and downcast eyes; for the noble tongue that knows not how to tell the spirit of a lie and save the letter. Here now before me were all these. Refreshing, *n'est ce pas?* and very delightful—for a time.

Blanch and I were whirled into the house in the midst of a



tornado of welcomes, apologies, regrets, wonderings, and questions innumerable. But as we were whisked through the kitchen, I had time to see all the old landmarks ; the great stone fireplace, with a mantel-piece nearly out of reach, the bed, with its bright patch-work quilt, the broom of cedar-boughs behind the door, the strip-bottom chairs, the large blocks to eke out with when more seats were needed, the rough walls, the immaculate neatness. There were two rooms in the house, and we were suffered to sit only when we had reached the second. This was glorious with pictorial newspapers pasted over the log walls, with a Job's patience quilt on the bed, with two painted wooden chairs, and a chintz-covered divan, a rag mat on the floor, two brass candlesticks on the mantel-piece, a looking-glass six inches long, and a gay picture of a yellow-haired, praying Samuel, dressed in a blue night-gown, and kneeling on a red cushion.

Sally was so delightedly flustered by our coming that, as she said, she did not know whether she was on her head or her heels, a doubt which so sensibly affected her movements that she was every moment making little inconsequent rushes where she had no need to go, and repeating the same things over and over. Presently she sat still with a start, and listened to a heavy step that came through the porch and into the kitchen. "Sh-h-h ! There he comes !" she whispered.

In fact, I had already caught a glimpse through the chimney-back of a man in his shirt-sleeves, who hung up a tattered straw hat, and took down from its nail a tin wash-basin with a long handle, like a skillet.

"Sally !" he called out, splashing a dipperful of water into the basin.

"What ?" returned Sally, with a facetious nod at me.

"Who's been here this afternoon ? I see waggon-tracks down in the road."

"Boarders !" says Sally, with another nod and wink.

"Boarders ? What for ?" came in a tone of amazement ; and

through a chink in the rock chimney I could see his wet face turned, listening for her answer, and his dripping hands suspended.

"To get boarded," replied Sally succinctly.

Such an astounding announcement required immediate explanation, and Mr. Smith was coming in a dripping state to demand one, when his wife jumped up to intercept him.

"Guess who's come!" she said, stopping him in the entry.

"Who?" he asked in a stentorian whisper.

"Mary!" says dear Sally, with a little burst of gladness that brought tears to my eyes.

"Mary who?"—with the same preposterous feint of secrecy.

"Why, bobolink Mary, you great goose!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, and as he spoke, his face, with wide-open eyes and mouth, appeared over Sally's shoulder, then disappeared instantly at sight of Blanch. Nor would our host permit me to come to him, nor make himself visible again till he had gone through a tremendous scrubbing and brushing, all of which was perfectly audible to us. Then he came in, sleek and shining, and gave us a hearty though embarrassed welcome, bowing before Blanch with a movement like the shutting of a pocket-knife, and greatly confused on finding himself obliged to take her small hand.

I am bound to say that Blanch behaved exquisitely. She could not help being dainty and delicate; but she showed herself so unaffectedly delighted with every thing and every body that her daintiness was not remembered against her. Besides, she had the good taste not to try to imitate their rough ways, but remained simply herself. Sally disappeared presently, and in a surprisingly short space of time returned to tell us, with a very red face, that supper was ready.

There was a momentary cloud of doubt over Blanch's face; but I went unfearing, and the event justified my confidence. The coarsest of delf, to be sure, and a cotton cloth, and steel

forks, and a tin coffee-pot. But whatever could be polished shone like the sun, and whatever could be white was like snow. As to the supper, it was worthy of the pen of Mr. Secretary Pepys. The traditional delicacies of a country table are taken for granted ; but the coffee was a glorious work of supererogation, and delicious enough to be handed about in the paradise of Mohammedans. Besides this, Sally, with a recollection of one of my mother's pretty ways, had laid a sprig of fragrant sweet-brier beside each plate, and with mine a drowsy dandelion just shutting its golden rays.

"You must excuse me for giving you deer meat," said our hostess with great humility ; "I haven't any other kind on hand to-day ; but to-morrow—" She stopped short in the act of setting the dish on the table, unspeakably mortified by the incredulous stare with which Blanch regarded her. "If you don't like it—" she began stammering. We immediately explained that Blanch was simply astonished at an apology being offered with venison, whereat Sally grew radiant.

Mr. Smith did not appear at the table. He insisted that he had been to supper, but abstained from mentioning the day on which he last partook of that meal. Indeed, during all the time Blanch and I were in that house, we never saw the master of it eat one mouthful.

"He never will sit down with folks," Sally whispered privately to me as we left the table.

When Sally said "he," pure and simple, she always meant her husband. She had a dim consciousness that there were other nebulous masculines in the world ; but to her mind Mr. Thomas Smith was the bright particular HE.

At eight o'clock we went to bed by the pure, pale twilight of June, and sank up to our eyes in feathers.

"Oh !" cried Blanch, "I'm going through to China !"

"Never mind !" I said encouragingly, "to-morrow we will put this absurd puff-ball underneath, and promote the straw-bed."



"Straw!" exclaimed a voice from the depths.

"Yes! pretty, yellow, shining straws, such as you suck mint-juleps through. Well, don't get excited! Straws such as your brother Tom sucks mint-juleps through. Good-night, honey!"

I heard her whisper a prayer. Then we dropped asleep peacefully; while with steadfast eyes of holy fire our angels kept watch and ward.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### BIPEDS WITH FEATHERS.

THE next morning the unaccustomed stillness woke us early; and there was a long, golden beam of sunlight stretched across the bare floor. The hop-leaves hanging over the eastern window were translucent, and more gold than green, and all round their edges hung radiant drops of dew, slowly gathering and falling.

Blanch smiled, but said nothing, scarcely spoke a word to God, even, I think, but knelt and let her prayer exhale from her, like dew from the morning earth.

The kitchen was all in order when we went out. It was shaded, exquisitely clean, swept through by a soft draught, and finely perfumed by the new cedar broom which Thomas had made that morning. In the fire-place lay a heap of hard-wood coals in a solid glow, but the heat of them all went up the chimney. The table was set for two, and breakfast ready all but cooking the eggs. Sally held a bowl of these in her hand, while, outside, the hens were making loud affidavit to their freshness.

After breakfast, Blanch put on a little scarlet sack, took her

parasol, and went out to reconnoitre. Sally and I stayed in the house and talked over old times, while she washed the dishes and I wiped them. Old times, even the happiest, are sad to recall, and we soon fell into silence. In that pause, Sally wrung out her dish-cloth, gave it a scientific shake that made it snap like a whip-lash, and hung it up on two nails to dry. Then she wiped her eyes on her sleeve.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed, "what's that?" and rushed out-of-doors, catching the broom on her way. I followed with the shovel, for "that" was a scream which unmistakably came from Blanch.

There was neither savage nor wild beast in sight, nor was Blanch visible; but there was a great commotion in the poultry-yard, and a large turkey-cock of a military appearance was strutting about in full feather and declaiming in some foreign language. It sounded like low Dutch. What he said seemed to make a great impression on the hens and geese, for they looked awe-struck. Presently we espied Blanch at the very top of one of the highest board fences that ever was built, clinging for dear life.

"I don't know how I ever got here," she said piteously. "The last recollection I have is of that horrid creature ruffling himself all up and coming at me. Then I came right up. And that's all I know. But I can't get down again."

I got a little ladder and helped Blanch down from her dangerous perch, while Sally kept the turkey-cock at bay, standing, broom in hand, in that position called in heraldry rampant-regardant.

"He doesn't like scarlet very well," she remarked. "It isn't his favourite colour."

Then we went to see Mrs. Partington, a large grey hen, which was that morning taking her first airing with a new brood. She had been set on duck-eggs, which had, naturally, hatched out ducklings; but she did not know it.

"Now," said Sally, "if you want to see an astonished hen, come along."

There was a duck-pond near, and some instinct in the ducklings led them that way. Mrs. Partington yielded, like a fond, indulgent mother, and clucked along full of *naïve* consequence and good-nature. But at a little distance from the margin she paused, called her brood about her, and began to talk to them in a gray, comfortable, complacent voice. I suppose she was telling them how dangerous water is. They listened first with one side of their heads, then with the other, and two of them winked at each other, and made little irresistible shies toward the pond. They looked like yellow eggs on two sticks. The hen left off her lecture, clucked loudly, spread her wings, and ran after them. But the next instant a shriek broke from her bill; for, as everybody knows, of course, the ducklings all plunged headlong into the pond. Poor Mrs. Partington was, indeed, an astonished hen. She was more: she was a transfixed hen. She stood gazing at them in horror, evidently expecting to see every one of them keel over and go to the bottom. But no; the little voyagers floated about quite at their ease, striking out with their tiny paddles, their downy backs and absurd little heads shedding the water beautifully.

"She must know now that they are ducklings," said Blanch.

"Ducklings? Not she!" answered Sally. "Or, ten to one, she thinks that she is a duck. No, that hen will go down to the platter without finding out that she has been cheated."

We had a busy day. We went to see the frame-house that Mr. Smith had begun to raise, and Sally's dairy in the cellar of it; we promoted our straw-bed, filled our fireplace with pine boughs, thus cutting off the view through the chimney-back; unpacked our trunks and set up our graven images; and, when sunset was near, went out into the woods at the foot of Spruce Mountain to get a pail of water from a little *Johannisberger* of a spring there. The mountain was between us and the sunset, and the woods

were in shadow ; but up over the lofty tree-tops the red and golden lights floated past, and every little pool, among its treasures of reflected foliage, airy nest of bird, and bending flower, held warmly its bit of azure sky, and crimson or golden cloud. Presently we came to where, at the foot of a spruce-tree, our spring lay like a fire-opal, with that one spark down among its haunting shadows. A cool green darkness fell into it from the over-hanging boughs, velvet mosses growing close rimmed it with a brighter emerald, grey of trunk, branch, and twig melted into it, milky little flowers nodded over at their milky little twins below, and in the midst burned that live coal of the sunset. When we plunged our tin pail into this spring, it was as though we were going to dip up jewels. But instantly we touched the water, it whitened all over with a silvery-rippled mail, the colours disappeared, and we brought up only crystal clearness. The next moment, though, the throbbing waters subsided, and the many-tinted enchantment stole tremulously back again. When we went to bed that night, a shower was prowling about the horizon, and over on Spruce Mountain the wolves were howling back defiance to the thunders.

What a lovely, savage week it was that followed ! Somewhere in it was dissolved a Sunday ; but we were scarcely aware of it, there was so little to mark the day.

In that week we learned one fact that was new to us, and that was the profound melancholy that reigns in the woods. Looking back, we could recollect that the impression had always, though unconsciously, been the same. Is it that in the forest Pan alone is the chosen god ? and that there is still mourned that day when

“ The parting genius was with sighing rent ? ”

Or is the sadness because He who once came down to walk among the trees, and call through the dews, comes no more ? Whatever may be the reason, melancholy is enthroned in the forest.



## CHAPTER IV.

## A DIAMOND-WASHING.

ON one of those days, Blanch and I, after a severe dispute on the subject with Sally, did a washing. Sally said we shouldn't; but wash we would, and wash we did.

We rose at early white dawn, kilted up our wrappers, shouldered our clothes-bag, took soap, matches, and kindlings, and started. A path led us past the new frame-house, and a grove beyond it to the wash-room. This was a noble apartment, about forty rods long by thirty wide, and was walled in by cedar and pine columns, with the branches and foliage left on, a great improvement on Solomon's building. The cornice was delicately traced against a pale-blue ceiling frescoed with silver, the most beautiful ceiling I have ever seen. The carpet was a green velvet pile, thickly diapered with small gold-coloured and white flowers in an irregular pattern, and beaded all over with crystals. Near the door by which we entered was one of the most charming imitations of rustic scenery to be found at home or abroad. A huge granite boulder, broken and hollowed roughly, had a thread of sparkling water bubbling up through a rift in it, and overflowing its basin in a rivulet. Near this stood two forked poles with a large copper kettle suspended from a cross-pole. Underneath the kettle were the ashes of more than one fire. Countless birds flew about, singing as well as if they had been sent to Paris. On the whole, it was a picture which would have drawn a crowd at any exhibition.

Wood was there, covered from the dew with green boughs. We placed our kindlings, lighted them with a match scraped inside Blanch's slipper, and soon a blue column of smoke was rising straight into the morning air, and the flames were growing.

Then we filled the great kettle with water from the fountain of Arethusa, and, as soon as it was warm, began to wash. For one hour there was nothing but silence and scrubbing; then a loud war-whoop through Sally's hands announced that breakfast was ready. By that time our clothes were all washed and bubbling in the boiler. Looking about then, we saw that every cedar pillar had a golden capital; cloth of gold was spread here and there in long stretches, and the frescoes had changed their shape, and, instead of silver, were rosy and golden.

Poor Sally, looking at us ruefully when we went in, asked to see our hands. They were worth looking at, all the skin being off the backs of them, and the insides puckered up into the most curious and complex wrinkles. We ate with glorious appetites, though, had another engagement with Sally, who wanted us to lie down and rest, and have our hands bandaged, and went back to find our clothes wabbling clumsily, but quite to our satisfaction. We upset our tubs and rinsed them, then set them up and filled with cold water again. Next we took each a clothes-stick, fished something from the kettle with it, ran with it boiling hot at the stick's end, and soused it into one of the tubs. We had to run a good many times, probably a mile in all. We squeezed the clothes out of this pickle, called by the initiated "boiled suds;" refilled our tubs, and performed that last operation of rinsing, which took the puckered insides quite out of our hands, leaving them almost innocent of cuticle.

"My dear," said Blanch, as we spread our washing out on the green, "all women on earth ought to do one washing. It would do their souls good, though it should temporarily damage their bodies. My laundress is a new being to me from this day. I mean to double her wages."

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, and held up a bleeding finger of her left hand. "My ring! I have lost it; it is washed away."

The poor child looked distressed, and no wonder! for the missing cluster was a *souvenir*.

We set ourselves to search, but in vain. On each side of our grassy bench, three tubs of water had been spilt, and had wandered in devious ways, and to some distance. We sawed our sore fingers on the notched edges of the grass-blades, to no purpose.

"It was careless of you, Blanch," I said austere. "You should have recollected that the ring was loose—"

A twinkle appeared in Blanch's eyes, if not on her finger. I followed the direction of her significant glance, and behold! where the lambent *solitaire* had burned on my hand, was an aching void!

"My angel," said Blanch sweetly, "did you ever hear of diamond-washings?"

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## CHAPTER V.

### A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

WHEN Sunday came round a second time, we were aware of it. Every day had been to us like a crystal brimming cup overflowing to quench the day's thirst; but looking out into this Sunday we saw only a golden emptiness.

Tears hung on Blanch's long eyelashes. "Think of all the blessed open church-doors," she said. "It makes me home-sick. I want to go to Mass. Even a fiddling, frescoed, full-dress Mass would be better than none."

I quoted my friend, Sir Boyle Roche, "'Can a man be like a bird, in two places at once?' Besides, little one, if you were in

town, it is not unlikely that you might stay at home all day because of the hot sun, or the east wind, or the mud, or the dust."

The dear child blushed. "But then one likes to know that one can go," she said meekly.

Sally and her husband were going five miles to meeting that day. They started early; and we watched them go soberly off in single file till the trees hid first the large brim of Sally's preposterous bonnet, then the crown of Mr. Smith's antique hat. Then we went in and prepared a little altar, with a crucifix, a statuette of the Virgin, candles and flowers, and, lifting up our hearts in that wild solitude, assisted at some far-away mass. There was no interruption, only a group of deer stood without, at the distance of a stone's-throw, as motionless as grey marble statues, and watched us with soft, intent eyes. After we had got through and were sitting silently, the candles still burning, some Roman Catholic humming-birds dashed in and sucked the honey out of the wild roses we had given our Lady, but left a sweet thought instead. When the buzz of their wings was gone, we heard robins and a bobolink outside, and a chorus of little twitterers singing a *Laudate*. "Amen!" said Blanch. The unclouded sunlight steeped the surrounding forest in sultry splendour, and clouds of perfume rose, like incense, from pine, and fir, and hemlock, from thousands of little blossoms, from plots of red and white clover, heavy with honey, from censers of anemones, and, threading all these sweets of sound, perfume, and sight together, was the bubbling voice of a brook murmuring Paters and Aves over its pebbles.

Blanch smiled, and repeated softly :

The waters all over the earth rejoice  
In many a hushed and silvery voice ;  
" In Jordan we covered Him, foot and crown,  
While the dove of the spirit came fluttering down.



“ We steadied His keel at the crowded beach,  
When the multitude gathered to hear Him teach ;  
The feet of our Master we smoothly bore,  
And He walked the sea as a paven floor.

“ When the tempest lashed each foamy crest,  
At His ‘ Peace be still ! ’ we sank to rest.  
And we laughed into wine, when He came to see  
The marriage in Cana of Galilee.”

The stars that fade in the growing day  
Have each a tremulous word to say ;  
“ We sang, we sang, as we hung above  
The lowly cradle of Infinite Love.”

The low winds whisper, “ We fanned in his hair  
The flame of an unseen aureole there.”  
And the lily, pallid with rapture, cries,  
“ I blanched in the light of His fervent eyes ! ”

Voices of earth and air unite,  
Voices of day and voices of night,  
Flinging their memories into the way  
Of the coming in of the dear Lord’s day.

O Christ ! we join with them to bless  
Thy name in love and thankfulness ;  
And cry as we kneel before thy throne,  
We are all thine own ! we are all thine own !

When Sally and Mr. Smith came home that afternoon, they were accompanied by a tall, stiff, severe man in black, at the first sight of whom Blanch and I got our hats for a walk. It was Elder Samson, come up to convert the idolators. We knew well what hydra-headed discourse he had prepared to devour our patience, our charity, our civility even. Discretion was the better part of valour, we concluded, and fled, leaving, alas ! the

statuette of our Lady, with the candles burning beside her, and the wild roses clinging about and kissing her feet. If we had but known! But we did not then, nor till long afterwards. When we came back, everything was, apparently, as we had left it. But, when Sally came to town in the fall, she told how, the moment the elder saw our graven image, he flew into a holy rage, flung it, roses and all, out of the window, and would have flung the candles after it, if she had not rescued them by main force. The result was an illustration of the church militant, in which rather high words passed between Sally and the elder. Mr. Smith, feebly interposing to take the part of his clerical visitor, was routed utterly.

But meantime, in happy unconsciousness, Blanch and I walked down the road, and down and down the road, a mile, and another mile, and again a mile, through the green and flowery solitude, flecked and flickering with sunlight and shadow, the silence only softly stirred by a multitudinous rustling of leaves. Now and then we saw a deer by the roadside; and far away in the woods the foxes snarled and barked. Our walk ended on a long log that bridged a brook, and there we stood and looked up to see the waters come down to us. Presently, instead of their flowing down, we seemed to float up. We were going up to the cradle of this dancing stream, to some enchanted land where the baby rivulet first saw the sun. We were going back, also, to our own childhood, floating up and up to careless days, leaving the heavy years behind.

When we came back from that far-away country, a little seasick with our journey, I turned to see Blanch looking at me with great attention.

"My dear," she said, "you are the most absurd figure I recollect to have seen in the whole course of my life. If it were not deplorable that human taste should be so perverted, I should find you ludicrous."

"So you have found it out," I replied, highly edified. "I have

been thinking the same of you this week past. Of course any one with eyes can see that Sally in her straight gown and big apron, with her hair in a pug, is better dressed than we."

Blanch had brought Mr. Smith's pistol with her. She always took it when we went into the woods ; for she considered herself a pretty good shot. She had at home a pasteboard target full of little holes, the best one about six inches from the centre, all made by shots fired by her at a distance of twenty feet. She felt safer to take the pistol, she said ; for if any animal were to attack us, she could be sure to wound if not to kill it. "No animal," she argued very sensibly, "could be dangerous at a distance of twenty feet or more. And if he should come within that, I could not fail hitting pretty near his head or heart. You see, I missed only six inches in the shooting-gallery, and a bear or a wolf would be much larger than my target."

When you want to convince others, always speak as though your proposition were unquestionable. Everybody knows that the majority of persons in the majority of cases find it troublesome to think for themselves, and that if you are positive enough, you can make them believe anything. If Blanch had been a shade less logical and decided, I might have submitted that a pasteboard target does not pounce upon you and hug you to death, or tear you into inch pieces while you are taking aim, and that with a wild live creature to glare back with two great threatening eyes into her one blue eye looking at him, like a murderous violet, over the pistol-barrel, her nerves might be shaken to the extent of another six inches from the mark. But her air was one of such perfect conviction that my subjunctive case expired without a sigh.

The tree-tops were still full of sunshine when we started to go home, but the road was shaded. Blanch seemed a little uneasy.

"I believe we'd be awfully good to eat," she said apprehensively.

Even in speaking, she stopped short, I stopped, we stopped

all two, as the French say. Directly in front of us and not far away, sitting with an air of deliberation in the middle of the road, was a large, clumsy, shaggy beast that looked at us with an inexplicable expression. I had never had the pleasure of an introduction to this animal, but none was needed. I had seen his portrait on the outside of hair-oil bottles. The resemblance was striking.

Blanch turned very red, and raised her pistol.

"Shall I fire?" asked the little heroine in a stage-whisper.

"Fire!"

Her hand was trembling like a leaf in the wind; but she took beautiful aim, and I am bound to confess that her pasteboard target could not have received the attention with more unmoved tranquillity. The pistol went hard, though, and the pull she had to give the trigger brought the muzzle down, so that instead of the shot striking within six inches of the bear's heart or brain, it struck up a little puff of dust, and took off the devoted head of a buttercup about five feet from us.

"Have I hit him?" she asked breathlessly, opening her eyes. She had shut them very tight on firing.

She had not hit him; but he took the hint, and got himself clumsily out of the way. I thought he acted as though his feelings were hurt.

I have forgotten whether we ran. I am inclined to think that we did not. But we were not long in getting home, and then the elder was gone.



## CHAPTER VI.

## HOMESICK.

A PATHETIC little incident happened that week, which suggested many thoughts to us. Passing by a cleared space in the woods one afternoon, Mr. Smith saw a deer family quietly grazing there. Plentiful as these creatures were in that region, they never suffered a near approach ; but this group looked at the intruder peacefully and showed no sign of alarm.

Is there on earth an animal more fierce and cruel than man in deed if not in intention ? This man did not deliberately mean to perpetrate a fiendish act ; but no otherwise could what he did be characterised. He did not want the venison, the skins, the graceful antlers ; but he fancied it rather a fine thing to have that bounding target still for a moment. His rifle was over his shoulder ; he lowered it, and took aim at the stag's stately front. There was a report ; the creature gave one leap into the air, then fell, shot through the forehead.

Not even then did the others fly. While he loaded his rifle again, they bent over their prostrate companion, touching him, moved by what mute, incredulous grief, who can say ? The marksman gleefully took aim again, and the doe fell with a bullet through her heart, and sobbed her life away. When Mr. Smith saw the young one put its head down to the mother's, for the first time some compunction touched his coarse, unsympathetic soul. But he had gone too far to retreat, and in a few minutes the fawn lay dead beside its mother.

Sally reproached her husband passionately when he told her the story of his wonderful feat. "If dumb creatures were like men," she said, "the wild beasts would get up a mob to-night, and come here and lynch us ; and not be to blame either !"

Blanch and I left Mr. Smith meekly taking his castigation, and went out to see his victims.

They lay where they had fallen, on the greensward, poor creatures! a sad blot upon the peaceful scene, their innocent, happy lives quite ebbd away. We stood by them a little while in the sunny silence, and it seemed as though every thing living shrank from us. We had never before been out without seeing some form of that wild animal life with which the woods were teeming. But now there was no sound of skittish steps evading us, no glimpse of shadowy figures among the trees. All was silent and dead.

We went to the roadside, and, seating ourselves on the moss under an aspen-tree, mourned silently.

Blanch half reclined, leaning on her elbow, and her face looked like a pale flame in the flickering shadow of the tree above us. She stretched her hand, and touched tenderly a lovely spray of partridge berry that trailed over the moss, but did not break it. Then she looked up.

"Minnie," she said, "I'm homesick."

"So am I."

"When shall we start?"

"To-morrow."

M. A. TINKER.

## Paganini's First Love.

A MAY day under Italy's brilliant, cloudless sky has a magic the natives of northern climes can but faintly picture to themselves even in their dreams. The earth laughs, radiantly decked as she is with her brightest gems, while, like an ardent bridegroom, the sun enfolds her in his warm embrace, and the air is full of a nameless enchantment. Under such conditions, the human heart expands early, and human eyes wear a look as joyous and impassioned as the gaze of the sun. Seldom does one see a melancholy expression in the faces of the children of this land; but on this bright May day of 1793 there was sadness in the eyes of a boy sitting on the shore where beautiful Genoa rests on the Mediterranean Sea. He was not more than twelve, with a slender figure, clear cut, pale features, dark hair, and thick eye-lashes shading the most expressive dark eyes, which were one moment full of a proud light, and the next were sad as death.

As he was musing, looking weary and unhappy, a clear, childish voice called his name, and a pretty girl about his own age threw her arms round his neck with the words: "Oh, you bad Nicolo! where have you been hiding all the afternoon? Everywhere have I been seeking you!" and she kissed him again and again before emptying into his lap her white apron full of roses, myrtle, and orange blossom.

Nicolo put his arm round the young prattler, and stroking her thick black locks, answered: "I have slipped away from father, Gianetta, to dream a little in peace and quiet by the beautiful water; but you know well I love to be here."

"Your father is cruel!" she answered, vehemently; "he will

work you into the grave. My mother says Nicolo is not strong and hearty like other boys, his weary fiddle-playing and his hard-hearted father will kill him outright, and I know she is right."

"Do not believe it!" cried Nicolo; "I shall not die, I cannot die; I must first become a great man; and see! I am not weak;" and he sprang to his feet, and seizing the girl suddenly in his arms, he held her suspended for some moments over the water. Gianetta did not wince, only sighing softly as he put her on her feet again. She looked at him shyly, and sat silently leaning against him.

But, child-like, she soon recovered her spirits, and laughed and chatted about her flowers and her doves; and if she saw the shades of sadness gathering over Nicolo's face, her innocent kisses and the soft little hand stroking his hair soon chased away all clouds. So they sat happily together on the shores of the beautiful blue sea; and, with the sunlight falling on the two dark heads, they looked the perfect embodiment of the poet's ideal of Love and Spring.

When darkness fell, they wandered home, with arms twined round each other, through the stately streets of Genoa, till they reached two little neighbour-houses overgrown with vines. Gianetta's mother was anxiously looking out for her child, who rushed into the loving arms, and Nicolo, sighing, entered his father's door, and climbed up to his lonely attic under the roof. Then he opened the little casement set in the vines, and taking up an old violin, he kissed it passionately before beginning to play. Wonderful was the voice and strange the song that little hand drew from the strings. It was an improvisation—tender, triumphant, a musician's inspiration. As he played, the boy looked out of the open window, and smiled when a large spider (known as the Cross spider, being marked with a white cross on the back) appeared upon the sill. "Welcome, Silver Cross," whispered Nicolo, as he took up the creature and placed it on



the bridge of his violin, where it remained motionless, as if overpowered by the rush of sound around it. The boy played till his arm sank exhausted, and his eyelids were heavy with sleep, and the dewy day broke upon him. Then he laid down his beloved fiddle and took the spider to the window, where it disappeared amongst the vines. It was a whimsical companionship that of the spider and the lonely boy. Night after night, at the first stroke of his bow it appeared, drawn by the music, and only those who have experienced the same heart-loneliness can imagine the attraction this had for Nicolo, deprived as an infant of his gentle mother's love, and entirely dependent upon his strict and morose father. Boys of his own age either teased or avoided him; only Gianetta kissed and consoled him during the day, and the spider was the sole companion of his vigils, and no one knew the depths of love the boy felt for these two, so different beings, who alone seemed to care for him. It was a drawback that Gianetta neither liked nor could understand his feeling for Silver Cross. "It is a witch," she would say, shuddering, and Nicolo never placed the spider on his violin when Gianetta was there, but if, on these occasions, he looked out of the window, he would see it sitting motionless on one of the leaves. When he was tired of playing, Gianetta would coax him to tell her wonderful stories, and all the plans of what he would do when he had achieved greatness were confided to the faithful little maiden, who would clasp his feverish hand in her own, and gaze at him with clear, wondering eyes, which lighted up under his enthusiasm.

He would tell her of the great German tone-master, Mozart, who had composed a Concerto in his sixth year, and had been as a planet in the heaven of Music, and tears would burst from his eyes as he cried: "Ah! I am but a miserable bungler compared to such as he," and all Gianetta's endearments would fail to console him.

One hot day Nicolo had been playing dreary exercises for

hours under his father's supervision, till his arms ached, his head burned, and all strength and life seemed exhausted, when Gianetta's mother entered in haste with the news that the child was attacked by fever, and kept crying out for her play-fellow and his music.

Nicolo seized his violin and hastened to the girl's bedside; she looked at him long and earnestly, and then signed to him to play. "Yes," he cried, "I will play you a slumber song, then you will sleep and get well." She smiled faintly as the boy drew forth from the strings the most marvellous lullaby that had ever rocked mortal to sleep, and when he had ended Gianetta raised herself up and held out her arms to him. With a cry he hid his face on her breast and began to sob convulsively—"Thank you, my dearest," she whispered, "now I shall sleep sweetly, Nicolo—but you must not rest yet, you must shine upon earth. Go away from here to distant lands, but do not forget me," and laying her cheek upon his bowed head, she breathed out her soul with a soft sigh.

All night long Nicolo watched by the side of his little sweetheart, and the next day he wandered about aimlessly, as if seeking her in their old meeting places. Late in the evening he returned to his dark silent attic, from the open window of which he could plainly see into Gianetta's death chamber.

Tapers were burning there, and the child lay on her bier, clothed in white, and almost buried in flowers, only her calm pale face was visible; beside her knelt a monk praying for the little soul which had so early left its beautiful earthly dwelling.

"Farewell, farewell, sweetheart," whispered the heart-broken boy, as the tears stream from his eyes, "yes, I will go away—as far away as I can; no one cares for me here, lonely and unloved as I am," and he fell sobbing upon his knees. At that moment something touched his hand, he started and lifted his head, it was Silver Cross. "Ah! is it you, my old companion?" he cried as he gazed for a moment at the little animal; then he

seized his violin. "One farewell to Gianetta." The strings began to sing in notes of pain and longing, which were borne across on the soft night air to the girl in her last long sleep; the dead lips seemed to smile, the odorous flowers trembled, and the praying monk unclasped his hands, while he dreamed wonderful dreams. When the morning arose in all its splendour it saw a fainting boy lying on the narrow attic floor, his violin upon his breast, and to its strings clung a dead spider.

Was Gianetta's prophecy fulfilled?

The boy was Nicolo Paganini.

ELISE POLKO.

## Leech and Viper.

*(From the French.)*

“ BOTH of us prick,” said the viper one day  
To his cousin the leech ;  
“ Yet thee people seek, and from me get away !  
That is odd. I beseech,  
Tell me the reason.” “ Tis easy to give—  
They know that when I  
Prick them, I heal them : *thy* prick few outlive ;  
Men hate thee and die ! ”

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### MORAL.

Prick with benevolence ; never be hyper-  
Sarcastic nor venomous. Leech be, not viper !

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.



## Gesta Romanorum ; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

### OF CONFESSION.

A CERTAIN king, named Asmodeus, established an ordinance, by which every malefactor, taken and brought before the judge, should distinctly declare three truths, against which no exception could be taken ; or else be capitally condemned. If, however, he did this, his life and property should be safe. It chanced that a certain soldier transgressed the law and fled. He hid himself in a forest, and there committed many atrocities, despoiling and slaying whomsoever he could lay his hands upon. When the judge of the district ascertained his haunt, he ordered the forest to be surrounded, and the soldier to be seized, and brought bound to the seat of judgment.

"You know the law," said the judge. "I do," returned the other : "if I declare three unquestionable truths, I shall be free ; but if not, I must die." "True," replied the judge : "take then advantage of the law's clemency, or undergo the punishment it awards, without delay." "Cause silence to be kept," said the soldier undauntedly. His wish being complied with, he proceeded in the following manner. "The first truth is this. I protest before ye all, that from my youth up, I have been a bad man." The judge, hearing this, said to the by-standers, "He says true?" They answered, "Else, he had not now been in this situation."—"Go on, then," said the judge ; "what is the second truth?"—"I like not," exclaimed he, "the dangerous position in which I stand."—"Certainly," said the judge, "we may credit

thee. Now, then, for the third truth, and thou hast saved thy life."—"Why," he replied, "if I once get out of this confounded place, I will never willingly re-enter it."—"Amen," said the judge, "thy wit hath preserved thee ; go in peace."

My beloved, the Emperor is Christ. The soldier is any sinner ; the judge is a wise confessor. If the sinner confess the truth in such a manner that not even demons can object, he shall be saved—that is, if he confess, and repent.

#### OF TOO MUCH PRIDE.

When Jovinian was Emperor, he possessed very great power ; and as he lay in bed reflecting upon the extent of his dominions, his heart was elated to an extraordinary degree. "Is there," he impiously asked, "is there any other god ?" Amid such thoughts, he fell asleep.

In the morning, he reviewed his troops, and said, "My friends, after breakfast we will hunt." Preparations being made accordingly, he set out with a large retinue. During the chase, the Emperor felt such extreme oppression from the heat, that he believed his very existence depended upon a cold bath. As he anxiously looked around, he discovered a sheet of water at no great distance. "Remain here," said he to his guard, "until I have refreshed myself in yonder stream." Then, spurring his steed, he rode hastily to the edge of the water. Alighting, he divested himself of his apparel, and experienced the greatest pleasure from the water's invigorating freshness and coolness.

But, whilst he was thus employed, a person, similar to him in every respect—in countenance and gesture—arrayed himself unperceived in the Emperor's dress, and then mounting his horse,

rode off to the attendants. The resemblance to the sovereign was such, that no doubt was entertained of the reality; and straightway command was issued for their return to the palace. Jovinian, however, having quitted the water, sought in every possible direction for his horse and clothes, and to his utter astonishment could find neither. Vexed beyond measure at the circumstance, he began to reflect upon what course he should pursue. "Miserable man that I am," said he, "to what a strait am I reduced! There is, I remember, a knight residing close by; I will go to him, and command his attendance and service. I will then ride on to the palace and strictly investigate this extraordinary conduct. Someone shall smart for it."

Jovinian proceeded, naked and ashamed, to the castle of the aforesaid knight, and beat loudly at the gate. The porter, without unclosing the wicket, inquired the cause of the knocking. "Open the gate," said the enraged Emperor, "and you will see who I am." The gate was opened; and the porter, struck with the strange appearance of the visitor, replied, "In the name of all that is marvellous, what are you?" "I am," said he, "Jovinian, your Emperor; go to your lord, and command him from me to supply the wants of his Sovereign. I have lost both horse and clothes." "Infamous ribald!" shouted the porter, "just before thy approach, the Emperor Jovinian, accompanied by the officers of his household, entered the palace. My lord both went and returned with him; and but even now sat with him at meat. But because thou hast called thyself the Emperor, however madly, my lord shall know of thy presumption." The porter entered, and related what had passed. Jovinian was introduced, but the knight retained not the slightest recollection of his master, although the Emperor remembered him. "Who are you?" said the former, "and what is your name?" "I am the Emperor Jovinian," rejoined he: "canst thou have forgotten me? At such a time I promoted thee to a military command." "Why, thou most audacious scoundrel," said the knight, "darest

thou call thyself the Emperor? I rode with him myself to the palace, from whence I am this moment returned. But thy impudence shall not go without its reward. Flog him," said he, turning to his servants, "flog him soundly, and drive him away." This sentence was immediately executed, and the poor Emperor, bursting into a convulsion of tears, exclaimed, "Oh, my God, is it possible that one I have so much honoured and exalted should do this? Not content with pretending ignorance of my person, he orders these merciless villains to abuse me! However, it will not be long unavenged. There is a certain duke, one of my privy-councillors, to whom I will make known my calamity. At least, he will enable me to return decently to the palace."

To him, therefore, Jovinian proceeded, and the gate was opened at his knock. But the porter, beholding a naked man, exclaimed in the greatest amaze, "Friend, who are you, and why come you here in such a guise?" He replied, "I am your Emperor; I have accidentally lost my clothes and my horse, and I have come for succour to your lord. Inform the duke, therefore, that I have business with him." The porter, more and more astonished, entered the hall, and communicated the strange intelligence which he had received. "Bring him in," said the Duke. He was brought in, but the Duke too did not recognise the person of the Emperor. "What art thou?" was again asked, and answered as before. "Poor mad wretch," said the Duke, "a short time since, I returned from the palace, where I left the very Emperor thou assumest to be. But, ignorant whether thou art more fool or knave, we will administer such remedy as may suit both. Carry him to prison, and feed him with bread and water." The command was no sooner delivered than obeyed; and the following day his naked body was submitted to the lash, and again cast into the dungeon.

Thus afflicted, he gave himself up to the wretchedness of his untoward condition. In the agony of his heart, he said, "What shall I do? Oh! what will be my destiny? I am loaded with



the coarsest contumely, and exposed to the malicious observation of my people. It were better to hasten immediately to my palace, and there discover myself—my wife will know me; surely, my wife will know me!" Escaping, therefore, from his confinement, he approached the palace and beat upon the gate. The same questions were repeated, and the same answers returned. "Who art thou?" said the porter. "It is strange," replied the aggrieved Emperor, "it is strange that thou shouldest not know me; thou, who hast served me so long!" "Served *thee*?" returned the porter, indignantly, "thou liest abominably. I have served none but the Emperor." "Why," said the other, "thou knowest that I am he. Yet, though you disregard my words, go, I implore you, to the Empress; communicate what I will tell thee, and by these signs, bid her send the imperial robes, of which some rogue has deprived me. The signs I tell thee of are known to none but to ourselves." "In verity," said the porter, "thou art specially mad: at this very moment my lord sits at table with the Empress herself. Nevertheless, out of regard for thy singular merits, I will intimate thy declaration within; and rest assured, thou wilt presently find thyself most royally beaten." The porter went accordingly, and related what he had heard. But the Empress became very sorrowful and said, "Oh, my lord, what am I to think? The most hidden passages of our lives are revealed by an obscene fellow at the gate, and repeated to me by the porter. On the strength of which he declares himself the Emperor, and my espoused lord!" When the fictitious monarch was apprised of this, he commanded him to be brought in. He had no sooner entered than a large dog, which couched upon the hearth, and had been much cherished by him flew at his throat, and, but for timely prevention, would have killed him. A falcon also, seated upon her perch, no sooner beheld him, than she broke her jesses and flew out of the hall. Then, the pretended Emperor, addressing those who stood about him, said, "My friends, hear what I will ask of yon ribald. Who

are you? and what do you want?" "These questions," said the suffering man, "are very strange. You know I am the Emperor and master of this place." The other, turning to the nobles who sat or stood at the table, continued, "Tell me, on your allegiance, which of us two is your lord and master?" "Your majesty asks us an easy thing," replied they, "and need not to remind us of our allegiance. That obscene wretch cannot be our sovereign. You alone are he, whom we have known from childhood; and we entreat that this fellow may be severely punished as a warning to others how they give scope to their mad presumption." Then turning to the Empress, the usurper said, "Tell me, my lady, on the faith you have sworn, do you know this man who calls himself thy lord and Emperor?" She answered, "My lord, how can you ask such a question? Have I not known thee more than thirty years, and borne thee many children? Yet, at one thing I do admire. How can this fellow have acquired so intimate a knowledge of what has passed between us?"

The pretended emperor made no reply, but addressing the real one, said, "Friend, how darest thou to call thyself Emperor? We sentence thee, for this unexampled impudence, to be drawn, without loss of time, at the tail of a horse. And if thou utterest the same words again, thou shalt be doomed to an ignominious death." He then commanded his guards to see the sentence put in force, but to preserve his life. The unfortunate Emperor was now almost distracted; and urged by his despair, wished vehemently for death. "Why was I born?" he exclaimed; "my friends shun me; and my wife and children will not acknowledge me. But there is my confessor, still. To him will I go; perhaps he will recollect me, because he has often received my confessions." He went accordingly, and knocked at the window of his cell. "Who is there?" said the confessor. "The Emperor Jovinian," was the reply; "open the window and I will speak to thee." The window was opened; but no sooner had he looked out than he closed it again in great haste.

"Depart from me," said he, "accursed thing: thou art not the Emperor, but the devil incarnate." This completed the miseries of the persecuted man; and he tore his hair, and plucked out his beard by the roots. "Woe is me," he cried, "for what strange doom am I reserved?" At this crisis, the impious words, which in the arrogance of his heart he had uttered, crossed his recollection. Immediately he beat again at the window of the confessor's cell, and exclaimed, "For the love of Him who was suspended from the Cross, hear my confession." The recluse opened the window, and said, "I will do this with pleasure;" and then Jovinian acquainted him with every particular of his past life; and principally how he had lifted himself up against his Maker.

The confession made, and absolution given, the recluse looked out of his window, and directly knew him. "Blessed be the most high God," said he, "now do I know thee. I have here a few garments: clothe thyself, and go to the palace. I trust that they also will recognise thee." The Emperor did as the confessor directed. The porter opened the gate, and made a low obeisance to him. "Dost thou know me?" said he. "Very well, my lord!" replied the menial; "but I marvel that I did not observe you go out." Entering the hall of his mansion, Jovinian was received by all with a profound reverence. The strange emperor was at that time in another apartment with the queen; and a certain knight going to him, said, "My lord, there is one in the hall to whom everybody bends; he so much resembles you, that we know not which is the Emperor." Hearing this, the usurper said to the Empress, "Go and see if you know him." She went and returned greatly surprised at what she saw. "Oh, my lord," said she, "I declare to you that I know not whom to trust." "Then," returned he, "I will go and determine you." And taking her hand, he led her into the hall and placed her on the throne beside him. Addressing the assembly, he said, "By the oaths you have taken, declare which of us is



your Emperor." The Empress answered, "It is incumbent on me to speak first ; but heaven is my witness, that I am unable to determine which is he." And so said all. Then the feigned Emperor spoke thus, "My friends, hearken ! That man is your king, and your lord. He exalted himself to the disparagement of his Maker ; and God, therefore, scourged and hid him from your knowledge. But his repentance removes the rod ; he has now made ample satisfaction, and again let your obedience wait upon him. Commend yourselves to the protection of heaven." So saying, he disappeared. The Emperor gave thanks to God, and surrendering to him all his soul, lived happily and finished his days in peace.

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My beloved, the Emperor represents any one whom the pride and vanity of life wholly engross. The knight to whom Jovinian first applied is Reason ; which ever disclaims the pomps and fooleries of life. The duke is conscience ; the savage dog is the flesh, which alarms the falcon, that is, Divine Grace. The wife is the human soul ; the clothes in which the Emperor was at last arrayed are the virtues that befit the true sovereign, that is, the good Christian.

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#### OF AVARICE AND ITS SUBTLETY.

A certain king had an only daughter, remarkable for the beauty and dignity of her person. She was called Rosamond ; and at the early age of ten years, she proved so swift a runner, that she invariably attained the goal before her competitor had proceeded half way. The king caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever should surpass his daughter in speed should marry her, and succeed to the throne ; but in the event of failure he



should lose his head. This latter clause was wisely annexed ; for the lady being so beautiful, and the reward so vast, an infinite crowd of rivals would have eagerly presented themselves. And even with the heavy penalty before them, numbers permitted themselves to be buoyed up by the hope of success to attempt, and to perish in the attempt. But it happened that a poor man, called Abibas, inhabited that country, who thus communed with himself : " I am very poor and of a base extraction ; if I may overcome this lady and marry her, not only shall I be promoted myself, but all who are of my blood." The incitement was too powerful for his resistance, and he determined to make the trial. But wiser than the rest, he took the three following precautions. First, he framed a curious garland of roses, of which he had ascertained that the lady was devotedly fond. Then he procured a zone of the finest silk, from a conviction that most damsels were partial to this sort of clothing. And, lastly, he bought a silken bag, in which he deposited a golden ball, bearing the following inscription : " Whosoever plays with me shall never satiate of play." These three things he placed in his bosom, and knocked at the palace gate. The porter inquired his business ; and he stated his wish in the usual form.

It happened that the princess herself stood at a window close by, and heard Abibas express his intention to run with her. Observing that he was poor and his attire threadbare and rent, she despised him from her very heart. However, she prepared to run ; and everything being in readiness, they commenced the race. Abibas would soon have been left at a considerable distance ; but taking the garland of roses from its repository, he skilfully pitched it upon her head. Delighted with the odour and beauty of the flowers, the young lady paused to examine it, and Abibas took advantage of her forgetfulness and advanced rapidly toward the goal. This awoke her to a recollection of what was going forward, and crying : " Never shall the daughter of a prince be united to this miserable clown," she threw the

garland from her into a deep well, and rushed onward like a whirlwind. In a few moments she overtook the youth, and extending her hand, struck him upon the shoulder, exclaiming: "Stop, foolish thing; hopest thou to marry a princess?" Just as she was on the point of repassing him, he drew forth the silken girdle, and cast it at her feet. The temptation again proved too strong for her resolution, and she stooped to gather it. Overjoyed at the beauty of its texture, she must bind it round her waist; and whilst she did this, Abibas had recovered more ground than he had lost. As soon as the fair racer perceived the consequences of her folly, she burst into a flood of tears, and rending the zone asunder, hurried on. Having again overtaken her adversary, she seized him by the arm, striking him smartly at the same time: "Fool, thou shalt *not* marry me," and immediately she ran faster than before. But Abibas, springing forward, threw at her feet the bag with the golden ball. It was impossible to forbear picking it up; and equally impossible not to open it and peep at its contents. She did so; but reading the inscription, "Who plays with me shall never satiate of playing," she played so much and so long that Abibas came first to the goal and married her.

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My beloved, the king is Christ; the daughter is the soul, and Abibas is the devil, who provides various seductions to draw us from the goal of heaven.

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#### OF REFLECTION.

The Emperor Claudius had an only daughter who was incomparably beautiful. As he lay in bed, he reflected seriously upon the best mode of disposing of her. "If," thought he, "I should marry her to a rich fool, it will occasion her death. But if I

bestow her upon a wise man, although he be poor, his own wit will procure him riches." \*

Now it happened, that there dwelt in the city a philosopher called Socrates, whom the king very greatly esteemed. This person was sent for, and thus addressed, "My good friend, I design to espouse you to my only daughter." Socrates, overjoyed at the proposal, expressed his gratitude as he best could. "But," continued the Emperor, "take her with this condition; that if she die first, you shall not survive her." The philosopher assented; the nuptials were solemnized with great splendour, and for a length of time their happiness was uninterrupted.

But at last she sickened, and her death was hourly expected. This deeply afflicted Socrates, and he retired into a neighbouring forest and gave free course to his alarm. Whilst he was thus occupied, it chanced that King Alexander hunted in the same forest; and that a soldier of his guard discerned the philosopher, and rode up to him. "Who art thou?" asked the soldier. "I am," replied he, "the servant of my master; and he who is the servant of my master is the lord of thine." "How?" cried the other, "there is not a greater person in the universe than he whom I serve. But since you are pleased to say otherwise, I will presently lead you to him; and we will hear who thy lord is." Accordingly, he was brought before Alexander. "Friend," said the king, "concerning whom dost thou say, that his servant is my master?" The philosopher answered, "My master is reason; *his* servant is the will. Now dost thou not govern thy kingdom according to the dictates of thy will? Therefore, thy will is thy master. But the will is the servant of my master. So that what I said is true, and thou canst not disprove it." Alexander, wondering at the man's wit, candidly answered in the affirmative, and ever after ruled both himself and his kingdom by the laws of reason.

\* It was a maxim of Themistocles, that his daughter had better marry a man without an estate, than an estate without a man.

Socrates, however, entered farther into the forest, and wept bitterly over the expected decease of his wife. In the midst of his distress he was accosted by an old man who inhabited that part of the wood : " Master," said he, " why art thou afflicted ? " " Alas ! " answered the other, " I have espoused the daughter of an Emperor upon the condition, that if she die I should die with her : she is now on the point of death, and my life therefore will certainly be required." " What ! " said the old man, " grievest thou for this ? Take my counsel, and thou shalt be safe enough. Thy wife is of royal descent ; let her besmear her breast with some of her father's blood. Then, do thou search in the depths of this forest, where thou wilt find three herbs : of one of them make a beverage and administer it to her ; the other two beat into a plaster, and apply it to the afflicted part. If my instructions are exactly attended to, she will be restored to perfect health." Socrates did as he was directed ; and his wife presently recovered. When the Emperor knew how he had striven to find a remedy for his wife's disorder, he loaded him with riches and honours.

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My beloved, the Emperor is our Lord Jesus Christ ; the daughter is the soul, given to man on condition that should it be destroyed by sin, he also should lose eternal life. The forest is the church, where health and safety may be found. The old man is a wise confessor, and Alexander is the world.

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#### OF THE BEAUTY OF A FAITHFUL MIND.

When Salus was emperor, there lived a very beautiful woman whose name was Florentina. She was so remarkably handsome that three kings sought her love, by one of whom she was abused. This occasioned a war between them, and great numbers of men



fell on both sides. But the nobles, unwilling to see so much waste of blood, interfered, and addressing the emperor, bade him observe, that unless a stop was put to the virulent animosity which divided them, the whole kingdom would be annihilated. The emperor, duly considering what had been said, directed letters, impressed with the royal signet, to be sent to the fair occasion of the war; by which, without delay, she was commanded to appear before him. A herald bore the mandate, but before he could deliver it, she died. The herald, therefore, returned, and the emperor, very much regretting that he had lost sight of so beautiful a woman, caused all the best artists in the kingdom to be summoned into his presence. When they were assembled, he spoke as follows: "My friends, the reason that I have sent for you is this. There was a very beautiful woman named Florentina, for whose love a great number of men have lost their lives. She died before I had an opportunity of seeing her. Do ye go, therefore; paint her to the life, as she was in all her beauty. Thus shall I discover wherefore so many were sacrificed." The artists answered, "Your majesty wishes a thing which is very difficult to execute. Her beauty was so surpassing that not all the artists in the world, save one, would be able to do her justice; and he hides himself amongst the mountains, but he alone can perfectly fulfil your desires." On receiving this information, messengers were despatched in pursuit of him. He was soon found, and brought before the curious monarch, who commanded him to paint Florentina as she appeared when living; and if he did it, his reward should be royal. "Your request is extremely difficult," said the painter, "nevertheless, cause all the beautiful women in your kingdom to come before me for an hour at least, and I will do as you desire." The emperor complied, and made them stand in his presence. From these the artist selected four, and permitted the rest to return home. Then he commenced his labours. First, he laid on a coat of red colour; and whatever was exquisitely beautiful in the four women, *that*

he copied in his painting. In this manner it received its completion; and when the emperor beheld it, he said, "Oh, Florentina, had you lived to eternity, you ought to have loved that painter who has represented you in so much beauty."

My beloved, the emperor is God; the beautiful Florentina is the soul. The three kings, the devil, the world, and the flesh. The nobles are the patriarchs and prophets, who were the mediators between God and man. The painters are the angels and men, amongst whom there was found no one who would rescue the soul from death. The artist who came from the mountains is Christ. The red colour is blood; the four women are existence, growth, feeling, and understanding.

#### OF THE PLEASURES OF THIS WORLD.

The Emperor Vespasian had a daughter called Aglaes, whose loveliness was greater than that of all other women. It happened that as she stood opposite to him on a certain occasion, he considered her very attentively, and then addressed her as follows: "My beloved daughter, thy beauty merits a loftier title than thou hast just received. I will change thy name: henceforward, be thou called the LADY OF COMFORT, in sign that whosoever looks upon thee in sorrow, may depart in joy."

Now the emperor possessed, near his palace, a delicious garden, in which he frequently walked. Proclamation was made, that whosoever wished to marry his daughter, should come to the palace and remain in this garden the space of three or four days; when they quitted it, the ceremony should take place. Immense crowds were allured by the apparently easy terms of the notice; they entered the garden, but were never again seen. Not one of them returned. But a certain knight, who dwelt in some

remote country, hearing of the conditions by which the daughter of a great king might be espoused, came to the gate of the palace and demanded entrance. On being introduced to the emperor, he spoke thus : " I hear it commonly reported, my lord, that whoever enters your garden shall espouse your daughter. For this purpose I come." " Enter then," said the emperor ; " on thy return thou shalt marry her." " But," added the knight, " I solicit one boon of your majesty. Before I enter the garden, I would entreat an opportunity of conversing a short time with the lady." " I have no objection to that," said the emperor. She was called, and the knight accosted her in these words : " Fair damsel, thou hast been called the *Lady of Comfort*, because every one who enters thy presence sorrowful, returns contented and happy. I therefore approach thee sad and desolate—give me the means to leave thee in happiness : many have entered the garden, but never re-appeared. If the same chance happen to me—alas ! that I should have sought thee in marriage." " I will tell thee the truth," said the lady, " and convert thy unhappiness into pleasure. In that garden there is an enormous lion which devours every one who enters with the hope of marrying me. Arm thyself, therefore, cap-a-pie, and cover your armour with gummy flax. As soon as you have entered the garden the lion will rush towards you ; attack him manfully, and when you are weary, leave him. Then will he instantly seize you by the arm or leg ; but in so doing, the flax will adhere to his teeth, and he will be unable to hurt you. As soon as you perceive this, unsheath your sword and separate his head from his body. Besides the ferocious animal I have described, there is another danger to be overcome. There is but one entrance, and so intricate are the labyrinths, that egress is nearly impossible without assistance. But here also I will befriend you. Take this ball of thread, and attach one of the ends to the gate as you enter, and retaining the line, pass into the garden. But, as you love your life, beware that you lose not the thread."



The knight exactly observed all these instructions. Having armed himself, he entered the garden ; and the lion, with open mouth, rushed forward to devour him. He defended himself resolutely ; and when his strength failed he leapt a few paces back. Then, as the lady had said, the lion seized upon the knight's arm ; but entangling his teeth in the flax, he did him no injury ; and the sword presently put an end to the combat. Unhappily, however, he let go the thread, and in great tribulation wandered about the garden for three days diligently seeking the lost clue. Towards night he discovered it, and with no small joy, hastened back to the gate. Then loosening the thread, he bent his way to the presence of the emperor ; and in due time the *LADY OF COMFORT* became his wife.

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My beloved, the emperor is Christ ; the lady of comfort, is the kingdom of heaven. The garden, is the world ; the lion, the devil. The ball of thread, represents baptism, by which we enter into the world.

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#### OF THE INCARNATION OF OUR LORD.

A certain king was remarkable for three qualities. Firstly, he was braver than all men, secondly, he was wiser ; and lastly, more beautiful. He lived a long time unmarried ; and his counsellors would persuade him to take a wife. "My friends," said he, "it is clear to you that I am rich and powerful enough ; and therefore want not wealth. Go, then, through town and country, and seek me out a beautiful and wise virgin ; and if ye can find such a one, however poor she may be, I will marry her." The command was obeyed ; they proceeded on their search, until at last they discovered a lady of royal extraction with the quali-



fications desired. But the king was not so easily satisfied, and determined to put her wisdom to the test. He sent to the lady, by a herald, a piece of linen cloth, three inches square; and bade her contrive to make for him a shirt exactly fitted to his body. "Then," added he, "she shall be my wife." The messenger, thus commissioned, departed on his errand, and respectfully presented the cloth, with the request of the king. "How can I comply with it," exclaimed the lady, "when the cloth is but three inches square? It is impossible to make a shirt of that; but bring me a vessel in which I may work, and I promise to make the shirt long enough for the body." The messenger returned, with the reply of the virgin, and the king immediately sent a sumptuous vessel, by means of which she extended the cloth to the required size, and completed the shirt. Whereupon the *wise* king married her.

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My beloved the king is God; the virgin, the mother of Christ; who was also the chosen vessel. By the messenger, is meant Gabriel. The cloth is the Grace of God, which, by proper care and labour, is made sufficient for man's salvation.

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#### OF THE CURE OF THE SOUL.

A king once undertook a journey from one state to another. After much travel, he came to a certain cross, which was covered with inscriptions. On one side was written, "Oh, king, if you ride this way, you yourself will find good entertainment, but your horse will get nothing to eat." On another part appeared as follows: "If you ride this road, your horse will be admirably attended to, but you will get nothing for yourself." Again, on a third place was inscribed: "If you walk this path you will find

entertainment both for yourself and horse ; but before you depart, you will be miserably beaten." On a fourth part of the cross it was said : "If you walk this way, they will serve you diligently, but they will detain your horse, and oblige you to proceed the rest of your journey on foot. When the king had read the inscriptions, he began to consider which of the evils he should choose. He determined at length upon the first ; "For," said he, learnedly, "I shall fare very well myself, though my horse starve ; and the night will soon pass away." On this, he struck the spurs into his horse ; and arrived at the castle of a knight who entreated him courteously, but gave his steed little or nothing. In the morning, he rode on to his own palace, and related all that he had seen.

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My beloved, the king is any good Christian, who journeys for the safety of his soul. The horse which he rides is the body, composed of the four elements. The cross is conscience, which points out the way, and explains the consequences attending it.

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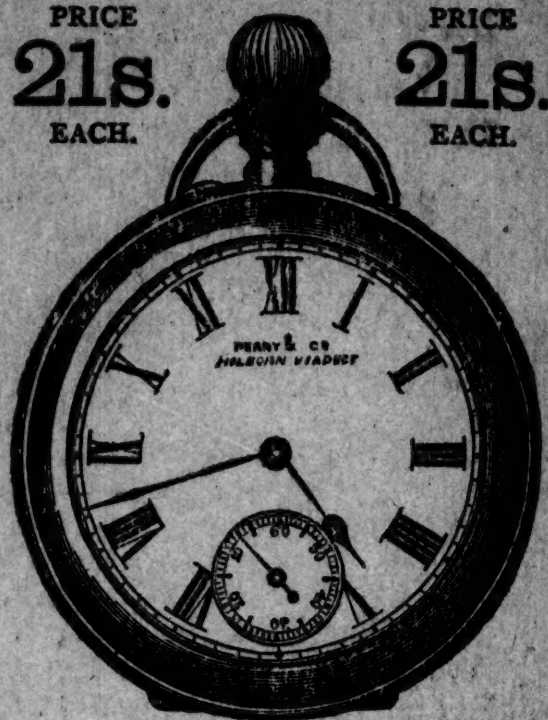


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